

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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WHO IS SULKING AT WESTMINSTER?

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UGO FOSCOLO MUSSOLINI REMEMBERS A HERO

The Poor Man Who Sleeps Not
Far From Michael Angelo

A POET'S CENTENARY

There was a little ceremony at the Board of Education the other day which recalled an old, unhappy, far-off story with a triumphant ending.

As long ago as 1778 there was born in Zante, in the Ionian Isles, a boy named Ugo Foscolo. His father was a physician and belonged to an old Venetian family, but he died when Ugo was a child. Ugo's mother was a wonderful woman. Although a Greek by birth, she took her four little ones to Italy that they might grow up in the traditions of their father's native land, and her love was the only lasting happiness Ugo knew.

Before the Inquisition

Ugo delighted in books as soon as he could read, and while still a boy he wrote a poetic tragedy called *Tieste*, which was produced in Venice and made him well known. If he had liked he might have lived a peaceful bookish life, crowned by the praise of literary men and blessed by money.

But Foscolo was too honest and brave a man to be silent while his country was enslaved and misgoverned. He wrote fearlessly of these things and made powerful enemies. One day he was summoned before the Inquisition. His mother's farewell to him was "Die, my boy, rather than betray the name of a single friend."

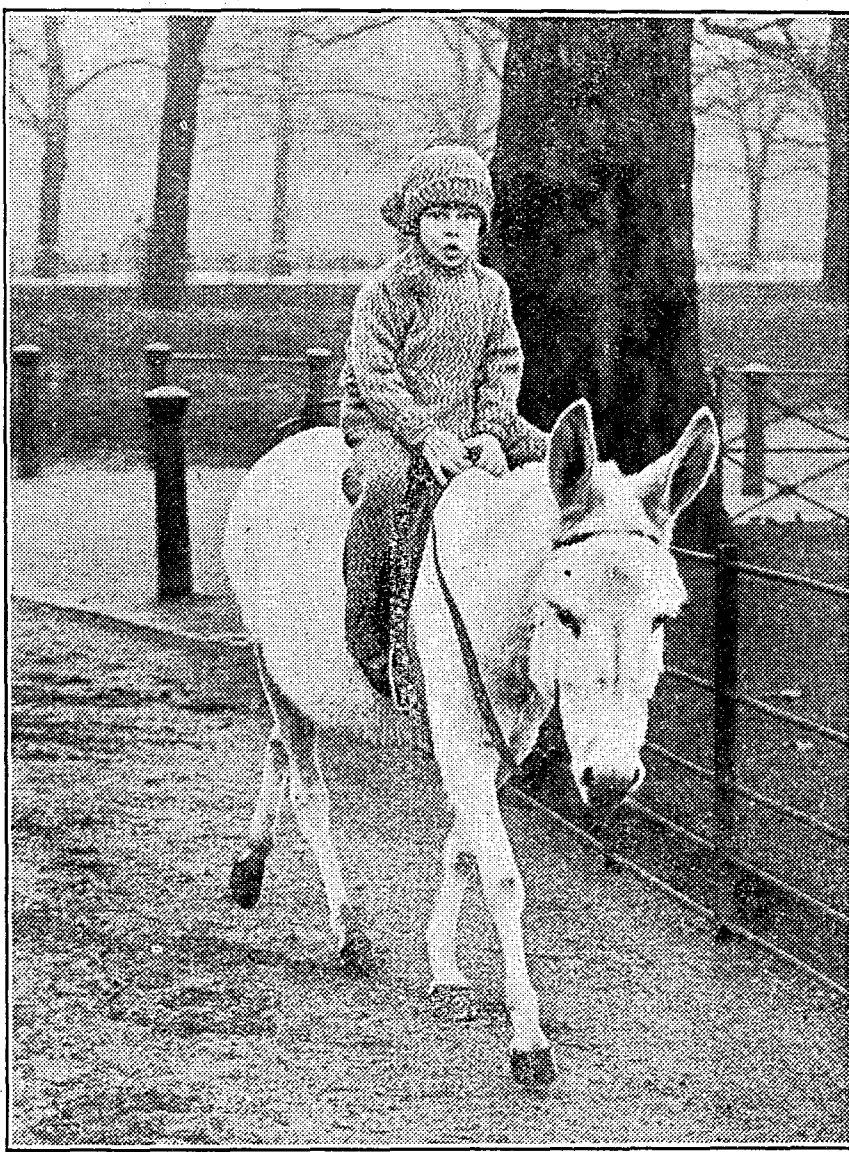
The Inquisition could get nothing from Foscolo, and happily it let him go instead of torturing him.

Foscolo and Napoleon

Like many other people, Foscolo hailed Napoleon at first as a great liberator. Napoleon began by being a brilliant Republican soldier, and Foscolo thought he would help Italy to throw off the yoke of Austria and begin life anew as a young Republic. He wrote an ode to Napoleon and enlisted in the French Army fighting in Italy. Twice he was wounded and once made prisoner. But his horror and grief were unbounded when Napoleon handed Venice over to the Austrians and used his victories to make himself emperor instead of giving freedom to the people.

The poems, plays, and lectures of young Foscolo might have roused Italy to one more struggle for independence, but he was banished from Venice, deprived of his professorship at Pavia, and at last driven out of Italy altogether. He sought shelter in Switzerland, but there, too, he was persecuted by the order of Austria. The girl he loved married another, he was forbidden his native land and the companionship of his old mother, and in addition to these troubles was threatened with blindness. In 1816 he was driven out of Switzer-

A Donkey Rider in the Row



Hitherto donkey riders have not been allowed in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, but now the restriction has been removed, and here we see a little rider on her white donkey enjoying a ride in the Row before breakfast.

land and came to England, where he found a welcome from many famous people who loved literature and admired his brave patriotism. But Foscolo was always poor and always grieving for the sight of his dear Italy. When he died, in 1827, the tombstone recording the name of the writer was paid for by a charitable Englishman, for his mother had died before him.

Yet there is a triumphant ending to the sad tale, for Italy did at last become a united and independent kingdom. Foscolo's poems and lectures had something to do with that, so in 1871, after he had been dead 44 years, they took his body home to Florence and buried it with Michael Angelo and Galileo in Santa Croce. This church has been called the Westminster Abbey of Italy, and Foscolo deserves his place there on account of his services to literature as well as his patriotism.

To mark the centenary of Foscolo's death a new edition of his poems has been printed at the Government press in Rome, and the Italian Ambassador has taken a copy of the book to the Board of

Education, where it has been accepted on behalf of England by Lord Eustace Percy. The book, magnificently printed and bound, is now in the British Museum for all to see. On one page, signed by Mussolini, is this message:

To England, hospitable exile and first burying-place of Ugo Foscolo, the head of the Italian Government has presented this book on the centenary of the death of the Italian poet as a mark of gratitude and as a token of the lasting spiritual fellow feeling of the two nations.

JACK FROST LIKES JAM

A quaint story of the activities of Jack Frost comes from Wisikon, in Switzerland.

In that country home-made jam is made largely from cherries and apricots. One morning the hostess of a large house party went to the larder of her chalet to see how her stores of jam were lasting. What was her surprise to see, instead of rows of jam-jars, row upon row of frozen cylinders of red and yellow jam surrounded by fragments of jam-pots, which the frost had burst!

THE SPORTING ENGLISHMAN

THANKS TO AN
UNKNOWN TRAVELLER

A Little Courtesy on the Road
Will Always Pay

HOW THE LADY GOT THE MILK

The Englishman abroad is often at a disadvantage, partly because he does not trouble to learn foreign languages, and partly because he cannot possibly compete with foreign manners. But when vital things like real courtesy and the sportsmanship of the road come uppermost the Englishman abroad is hard to beat. We had a fresh instance of this the other day.

An English lady was touring in France. One day she was early on the road, wanting to get to a certain place by nightfall. In the middle of the morning she suddenly realised how hungry and thirsty she was after a meagre breakfast at seven, and she had only biscuits in the car. She was running through a good pasture country, and she looked about for a farm. Presently she spied one. Turning the car into the by-road leading to it, she went boldly to the farmhouse door and in her best French asked for a litre of milk.

The Farmer and His Wife

The farmer's wife was not in the best of tempers, and she flatly refused. She gave as a reason the fact that milking was over long ago and the milk was in the creaming pans and must not be disturbed. The Englishwoman knew in her bones, as we say, that there were some jugs of milk in the dairy which had not been put to cream, and she asked again as a special favour, explaining why she wanted the milk.

At that moment the farmer came in, having spied the car and being consumed with curiosity. His wife poured out a rapid account of the position and reiterated her objections to selling milk. The English lady understood every word, as it happened, and she also understood the husband's reply.

Helping Peace and Goodwill

He said: "My dear, you will please let this English lady have all the milk she wants; and I will tell you why. The other day, coming back from the town, I ran out of petrol and could not go another yard. I just stuck there at the side of the road. Presently another car came along and stopped, and the driver asked what was wrong. I knew at once that he was English. I told him what the trouble was. He gave me, without my asking, a fill-up of petrol."

The Englishwoman went away with her milk, feeling very proud of some unknown countryman who, as a matter of course, had once more shown the true courtesy of the road, and incidentally helped on the cause of peace and goodwill to all mankind.

ONE OF THE GREAT WRITERS

THOMAS HARDY PASSES
Why His Books Will Be Read for Years and Years

PUTTING KING ALFRED'S WESSEX INTO LITERATURE

The last great Englishman is low, wrote Tennyson when he mourned the death of the Duke of Wellington, and it seemed to be true at the time, though the future showed that many great Englishmen were living in that rich Victorian Age. The death of Thomas Hardy has brought the same feeling of greatness departed.

Few living writers of the English language can compare in fame, or in the merit that deserves fame, with the poet-novelist whose "bell of quittance" has tolled throughout the Wessex to which he by his writings gave a new renown.



Thomas Hardy

Poetry in an Architect's Office

Thomas Hardy lived a long life as a retiring countryman. Born and educated in Dorset, he studied to be an architect, and showed signs of gaining distinction; but his natural bent was toward literature, and from the age of twenty he was writing verse. It was long, however, before he was known as a poet. His first published article, when he was 25 and living in London, was a delightfully humorous account of building a house. Later he turned to fiction, at first with little success; but by the time he was 34 he had succeeded with the charming story *Under the Greenwood Tree* and with *Far From the Madding Crowd*, a masterpiece bearing the stamp of genius.

Then, going back to his native Dorset, he built himself the house in which he has died, for many years a place of pilgrimage for his admirers. There, for more than half a century, he lived in studious quietude, writing stories that have revived the name and fame of King Alfred's Wessex over all the world and poetry that will rank its writer with the immortals.

The Why and Wherefore

No writer reflects his surroundings more sensitively than Hardy. His mind seems to take a colouring from the primeval heath he knew so well. Though it caught and radiated back life's humours, whenever it became reflective it took on an air of gloom.

Thomas Hardy was a brooding thinker, and his thinking made him sad. He reflected naturally on the why and wherefore of things, and religious faith did not help him to an answer. Browning's triumphant "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world" awoke no response in him. At best he faintly murmured "It may be so."

This despondency in face of the eternal scheme of things, this insensibility to the natural joyousness of healthy life, grew more grim in his later stories, yet if nothing had been known of him beyond his novels posterity might have seen in him a great literary artist.

A Great Epic

But we do know something more. He surprised the world with the poems which he had been writing from early youth to latest age, and they showed him to have not only a charming lyrical gift and a deep-veined humanity, but the capacity to produce a great epic. His poem *The Dynasts* stands as an epic alongside Milton's *Paradise Lost*, without any rival in English literature. The drama as it unrolls shows that this poet—an unquestionably great poet—so grimly brooding on human fate, is not really without

THE VIKINGS ARE IN TOWN

COLONISTS IN THE PARKS
Aerial Sea Kings Seize a New London Territory

A SIGHT FOR THE SUBURBS

By Our Natural Historian

Londoners are beginning to boast that their city is one of the surest sanctuaries of wild life in the land.

We are compelled to thin out the half-wild pigeons, but no one raises a hand against the ring doves, though they are at times so numerous that the park keepers cannot raise peas or green stuff owing to their robberies.

As the pigeons of the City decline other birds have come in from without to swell the total. There has been a new and welcome invasion of sea-gulls. Many of us remember the first pioneers coming scouting up the Thames and finding the prospect good, and the numbers have grown year by year till now the gulls are as common in winter as sparrows, and assemble on the Thames Embankment to feed from the hands of passers-by.

Pioneers in Dulwich Park

The West End parks were their homes, but, true to their instinct for adventure, they have spread afield and staked out a claim in new territory. Last winter their pioneers found out Dulwich Park, with its lake, its sheltered grounds, and the hosts of people who go there to feed the birds. The spy brought up a battalion, and these settled for the winter, retiring to the sea in spring for the happy cares of the nursery. Would they return this winter, or was the visit a chance? The answer to this question is entirely satisfactory.

Dulwich Park is enlivened this winter by the presence of scores upon scores of gulls. With the audacious courage of their Viking forerunners they have taken possession of the park by right of might. The air echoes with their weird chorus, and the sea has come, on their wings and in their voices, to the heart of the suburb which has grown up about the green fields where Shakespeare walked and Raleigh had his town house.

Like Gossamer Yachts

But the park, extensive and fruitful of food though it is, proves insufficient for their joyous spirits, perhaps for their appetites, for they have taken to far aerial cruises and soar like gossamer yachts above the streets, a glory and a wonder to behold. Such a sight has rarely been seen in South London, such exquisite flight, such grace, such gleaming loveliness, as the wintry Sun lights up their wings.

What do the little garden folk think of it? The gardens are full of tits, robins, blackbirds, thrushes, hedge sparrows, and chaffinches; and songs are beginning to rise among the tree-tops. Do they acclaim the passing of the snow, the storms, and the floods, or are they tocsins to warn distant neighbours that a new danger is come among them, a new invasion of big birds which gobble up little ones?

Be that as it may, these winged Vikings have come in from the sea and made a new home in London town. They are winter visitors, whose voices must sound strange to the little owls and the big tawny and barn owls which come forth at night to wake the shades with their chilling chorus. E. A. B.

Continued from the previous column

hope, but has a vision of Divine Power "fashioning all things fair."

And now, by his countrymen's unanimous wish, his ashes lie in Westminster Abbey. His pall-bearers were the Prime Minister and ex-Prime Minister of Britain, with the greatest of our men of letters and representatives of learning. But his heart has been buried where his heart always was, in his own rural Wessex.

CHANGING INDIA

WATER AND POWER FOR THE PUNJAB

Canals That Would Go Twice Round the Equator

A WONDERFUL WORK GOING ON

A wonderful work is being done in the Punjab and the neighbouring Indian States for the increase of cultivation.

The Punjab has a magnificent river system in the Sutlej and its tributaries, but too much of its waters flow into the Indus and the Arabian Sea without first doing their proper duty by the Punjab. Hence the vast scheme known as the Sutlej Valley Irrigation Works, by no means the first of its kind.

This is to cost some 18 million pounds, and when it is completed, in a dozen years, it will water an area double the size of Wales. Four great barrages will span the Sutlej at various points in its course, and from above these eleven canals will branch off, each with its own system of distributing channels and watercourses, giving a total length of nearly 50,000 miles, or twice the circumference of the globe!

Descent From Haroun-al-Raschid

Four of the eleven canals serve the Punjab itself, one leads into Bikanir, and six serve the State of Bahawalpur. The Nawab of Bahawalpur claims descent from Haroun-al-Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad. It is said that the new canals will make him the second richest ruler in India, notwithstanding the fact that the Punjab Government itself expects a return of over 12 per cent on its money in water rates alone.

Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be gathered from figures concerning the canal into Bikanir State. It is 84 miles long, 52 feet wide at the bottom, and nine feet deep, and it is lined with seven inches of concrete.

To Irrigate Two Million Acres

Further plans contemplate not merely the economical distribution of the waters of the Sutlej, but their storage as well. The possibilities of great reservoirs in the foothills of the Himalayas are almost unlimited. One scheme in particular contemplates a dam 400 feet high across the Upper Sutlej at a gorge at Bhakra, to the west of Simla, making a lake 40 miles long and storing 120,000 million cubic feet of water. This would cost about 11 million pounds and irrigate two million acres.

But here the question of power as well as irrigation comes in, for the water-power to be secured in these Himalaya foothills is as limitless as the water storage. The idea has been mooted of a great electric power transmission line running the length of the Grand Trunk Road from Delhi to Peshawar, fed by lines from generating stations in the hills, and distributing energy wherever it is needed throughout the province.

The Railway Creeping Up

A start has actually been made on two of the Sutlej tributaries, the Beas and the Uhl. On the Uhl a tunnel is being made, from the end of which there will be a drop of 1800 feet, with turbines at the bottom; and a further drop of another 1200 feet, as well as a storage dam, is talked of. It is believed that in this one spot 200,000 horse-power can be generated.

And all the time the railway is creeping up the valleys. With water, transport, and power available wide possibilities open up in these Himalaya foothills. There are great forests to be exploited, silver, lead, iron, and copper to be worked, and there is glorious scenery. There is also fruit farming. A promising industry was destroyed by the great earthquake of 1905, but it can be revived. Apples and pears already come down from the fruit orchards of Kulu and Kangra, and peaches, apricots, grapes, plums, greengages, green figs, and strawberries might be grown.

WHY NOT A WORLD CLOCK?

A Step On the Way

WIRELESS TO KEEP THE RIGHT TIME

At ten in the morning and six in the evening the Rugby wireless station sends out time signals of such exactness that an astronomer on land or a navigator at sea could set his watch by them.

For five minutes at second intervals the dots or dashes go on, and, radiating outward for hundreds or thousands of miles, tell those who pick them up not only what inquiring children call "the right time," but *the right place*.

For example, if when the 10 o'clock signals began to tick off the navigator's chronometer marked 20 minutes to the hour or 30 minutes past it he would be able to calculate just how many miles he was east or west of the meridian of Greenwich by which the standard time sent out by Rugby is fixed.

The New Time Signal

A surveyor in Africa or Asia having the means to pick up the signals would in the same way know just what was the longitude where he was travelling; and the 300 signals sent out in 300 seconds are of such extreme exactness that they would serve as a correction to surveyors mapping out the land.

This new British time signal, sending out the time over half the globe, is the first instalment of a plan by which the standard time will be sent out from a number of selected great wireless stations. When the system is complete it will be the equivalent of an international clock and send out time for the world. It will, in short, be the World Clock. Some day, perhaps, the planets will be able to set their time by it; we shall have one time everywhere. Why not?

Pending that achievement we may well look forward to a day when men all over the world will wear wireless watches on their wrists, or at least carry them in their pockets, to catch up the wireless signals of the time whenever they want it. Then nobody will have an excuse for missing the train. C.N. office boys, please note.

THE INVISIBLE CLOAK

A New Sort of Window

A thin cloak or film which renders anyone inside it invisible has been discovered by Mr. Cowper Coles, whose many engineering inventions have been widely recognised.

By adding an extremely thin film of gold to glass Mr. Coles has made windows which are quite transparent to a person looking out, while anyone trying to look in sees just a burnished golden surface.

THINGS SAID

I am a super optimist.

Mr. J. H. Thomas

There are very few people we get from schools who can write a good letter.

Chairman of General Electric Company

If I were dictator every girl should marry at 18 and every man at 21.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor

If I were dictator nobody should marry under 25.

One of Mr. O'Connor's hearers

We can pull Old England into better times: less nagging and more unity.

Mr. Ben Turner

Greyhound betting is a menace to every employer's till throughout the country.

Sir Ernest Lamb

There is no reason why a school should not be as interesting as a cinema.

Master of University College, Oxford

It has been suggested that the present phase of ugliness in art is a result of a generation brought up on the golliwog.

Sir George Clausen, R.A.

January 28, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

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THE OLD FOLK OF SHOE LANE

A GREEN MEADOW OF LONG AGO

Where They Laid Men Whose Fathers Might Have Seen Jesus THROUGH THE CENTURIES TO THE LONDON MUSEUM

Roman burial urns have been found beneath Shoe Lane.

This London, the imperial city of the British people, who are the heirs of the Romans, is always outgrowing its boundaries. It began to do so 1800 years ago, before London Wall was finished.

It was then an outpost of the great Roman Empire, a little city in a far-off land which Roman emperors and senators, sitting at ease in Rome, thought of with pride because it was a symbol of how far their empire stretched toward the setting Sun. Were they the first to say that on their empire the Sun never set?

The Great Cemetery

A little city it was, but a busy one. Galleys from Rome, but more from Gaul, where the Romans kept a fleet, and more still from the other Roman fleet based at Hythe and Folkestone on the southern shore, were in the Thames harbours, and some craft came right up the River Fleet to where the C.N. offices are now.

On the opposite side of the Fleet, away from London town, with its red-tiled roofs, its busy streets, its Roman Forum, its market-places and public squares, a green meadow sloped upward from the creek. Here was the great cemetery outside the walls for the cremation and burial of those for whose bones the enclosed London had no further place or room.

Here, in this peaceful field, the Romans and the Britons laid their dead. The town was stepping westward. The dead were the first to go.

Where the Green Meadow Was

And now, more than eighteen centuries later, while foundations were being dug for newspaper offices in Shoe Lane, where the green meadow was, the workmen came upon rows of Roman burial urns tightly embedded in the London clay. In them were the ashes of men whose fathers might have seen Jesus walking in Jerusalem or heard the scrap of news that Paul had been led captive to Rome.

Is it not strange to think that the first sign of London's greatness, the first token of its never-ending expansion, should be brought to light all these years afterwards in a burial-ground? The Romans buried there boasted themselves citizens of no mean city, but they did not think of London when they spoke. Yet London, going West, like these proud dead Romans, and never turning its back to the East, is the seat of a mightier empire than ever a Roman dreamed of.

Centuries of Change

In the Shoe Lane graveyard these brave old Romans have slept through centuries of change. While they lived all roads led to Rome. Two hundred years passed before the Roman legions took the long road back through Gaul and the Alpine passes to defend their own imperial city. While they slumbered the civilisation they had built in Britain was shaken to its foundations by Saxon invaders. But London lived on.

The Normans came; Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Hanoverian, passed the cemetery by; but little the dead knew of change. They never turned in their graves till the other day, and now they rest in the London Museum.

THE NATION'S NEW PICTURES



Miss Murray, by Lawrence



Sir George Sinclair, by Raeburn



Mrs. Smith and Her Niece, by Reynolds



The Man With the Cane, Frank Hals



The Lute Player, by Vermeer

The exhibition of the pictures that have just come into possession of the nation by the bequest of Lord Iveagh is attracting thousands of people to the Royal Academy in London. There are sixty-three paintings in the collection, and many of them are examples of the finest work of Old Masters. We give here a few of the most striking pictures.

THE ZOO BECOMES A CENTENARIAN

HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY THIS YEAR

Ladies in Crinolines Who Trembled at the Cages

CAPTIVES THAT LOVE FREEDOM

There is to be a great centenary this year. On April 27 the Zoo will be 100.

If it gave a birthday party thousands of people would arrive with presents, for it is surely the most popular centenary of 1928. Its friends are cheered by the thought that its great age does not mean that the end is drawing near, for the Zoo gets stronger as it grows older.

How the Zoo Began

Zoo-lovers owe a great debt to Sir Stamford Raffles, who began to dream of forming a society for zoologists in 1816, when the rest of the world was still thinking of Waterloo. In 1822 some members of the Linnean Society formed a branch for the study of zoology, and in 1826 it was promoted to be a society itself, with Sir Stamford Raffles as first president. The Zoological Society of London proceeded to rent, drain, and build on 20 acres in Regent's Park, and on April 27, 1828, the Gardens were opened to the public.

When ladies in crinolines and bonnets approached the cages, trembling and clinging to the arms of gentlemen with whiskers and frilled cravats, they saw a collection which would seem poor to us. There were only a griffon vulture, a white-headed eagle, a doe from Santoi, some llamas, leopards, kangaroos, and a Russian bear. The keepers had been borrowed from the Tower, where lions had been kept from ancient days.

Its 5000 Inmates

There are more than 5000 animals in the Zoo today, not counting fishes, and two-thirds of them have been given. Nearly two million people visit the Gardens every year, and pay a very modest entrance fee; but the cost of the Gardens is tremendous. Here are some of the figures:

Rent, rates, insurance, taxes . . .	£2600
Salaries . . .	£20,000
Maintenance of buildings and paths . . .	£13,000
Upkeep of offices and library . . .	£4000
General expenses . . .	£7000
Food for the animals . . .	£5000

It sounds extravagant, yet every effort is made to economise. For instance, the rats and mice consumed by reptiles used to cost £900 a year, but now that the Zoo breeds its own a saving of £600 a year is made. Goats, horses, and chickens are fed to some of the creatures, but in all cases the birds and beasts used for food are killed before being put into the dens.

The Food Bill

Housekeeping for the Zoo family must be a difficult task, for tastes vary greatly. Among the items on a year's food bill will be found two tons of grapes, 2000 pints of shrimps, and 500 pounds of dried flies!

These are a few of the facts to be found in Miss Helen Sidebotham's *Mysteries of the Zoo*, published by Cassell's at 5s. Miss Sidebotham, who is the C.N.'s Zoo Correspondent, knows the Gardens intimately, and has useful counsel about the best time to visit them. Those who want to enjoy the Zoo properly should go on a winter morning, for the noisy, teasing crowd of summer make the wild things bad-tempered. Some animals make great friends with man, and many creatures died of grief when their keepers went away in the war; but there are certain creatures who never forgive mankind for the loss of liberty. The rhinoceros, the big bear, the lynx, the baboon, and the wild cat from Scotland are all untamable. Who can blame them?

PICKING A CAR TO PIECES

140 MILLION BITS PASS BY

The Jolly Show of 12,000 Things in Piccadilly

A CAR FOR THREEPENCE A PART

Twelve thousand motor-cars race along Piccadilly every hour. In that time something like 140 million bits of motor-cars pass the policemen on point duty.

There is a shop in Piccadilly which can prove it, for in the magnificent Citroën show rooms, displayed on wooden panels on the walls of the new Devonshire House, are the bits used in a single motor-car. There are 12,000 of them!

The company which makes the cars took a car ready for the road, complete to its cushions, and set a staff of engineers and mechanics to take it to pieces part by part and item by item. The pieces were then all arranged in order from the big front springs and shock absorbers to the slenderest pin that holds the parts together, and when this had been done they were all displayed on panels.

The Two Bits Over

In so orderly and methodical a way has this been done that doubtless the competent mechanics and engineers could put the assembled pieces together again in a very short time. There would be no mistakes such as were made by the man of an economical turn of mind who took his own car to pieces and put it together again, and triumphantly claimed that he had made a profit out of the transaction because he had two bits over!

Not in this way would the Piccadilly engineers put their Humpty Dumpty together again. A sight of the materials they would have to handle is a lesson in the tremendous ingenuity, the endless invention, that have gone to making these mechanical servants of the road fit and ready to take anyone anywhere.

Pins by the Hundred

Glance at some of the panels on which the shining bits are arranged. There is the panel of the clutch. Twenty-seven kinds of things go to the making of a clutch, but several of them are repeated three, four, or five times. There are caps and bolts, hubs and plates and pins, of every size. When a car is pinned together pins are wanted by the hundred, and they must not get loose.

Axles and brakes and cups for the rear-wheel hub; the starter and the drive shaft for the bendix pinion; the clamp washer and the armature case thrust washer—what is it wants all these? The car wants them.

The front axle, with the cup-seating for the ball-pin of the steering-arm; the steering side rod and the track rod, with the split pins for the ball-pin lock-nut—who is the boy who can remember all these and pass an examination in them? We believe there are such boys, for this is the Mechanical Age, when more and more the rising generation lives by, with, and for machines. And the Editor of the C.N. believes that his daughter knows them all.

Works of the New Masters

So to such boys as these (and to such girls) we commend this illustrated display of the anatomy of a motor-car, this shining array of armature cases, escutcheon washers, flexible discs, and all these composite panel pictures—the works, not of the Old Masters, but of the New—these spring fittings, silencers, and exhaust pipes, propeller shafts and crank cases, oil pumps and cylinder blocks, front hubs and magnetos. From radiator to rear axle the car is dissected.

What the complete car will cost depends on many things. One panel cannot profitably be bought by itself, but it is remarkable to think a car can be bought for about threepence a part!

A LAND OF WHEAT AND GOLD

The Prosperity of Western Australia FARMERS' OUTLOOK

Western Australia is the State in the Commonwealth toward which many British people are looking with the keenest expectancy.

Once it was regarded as a land of gold. It still exports over a million pounds' worth of gold every year, but gold is no longer its chief attraction. Of course, like the rest of Australia, it was from the first a sheep-rearing country, and it now exports annually about £3,500,000 worth of wool. Its export of hard and valuable timber is worth nearly one-and-three-quarter millions of money, and its fresh fruit exports are becoming very considerable. Gold, wool, timber, are probably the three things that will most readily come to mind when those who know a little about Western Australia think of it. If so, they have misjudged it somewhat.

Westralia's Wheat Export

The fact is that wheat-growing has taken an easy lead among Western Australian products. The export of wheat and flour approaches £6,000,000 a year in value.

That is a fact likely to recommend the State to the average British mind. Gold-mining and sheep-rearing on a big scale seem a little remote from ordinary experience. Growing wheat is a much more familiar activity, and it is securing a very firm footing in Western Australia.

In 1901 over 950,000 bushels were grown on 94,000 acres. In 1908 the acreage under wheat had reached 285,000 acres. Last year the wheat lands had increased to 2,570,000 acres and the produce to 30,000,000 bushels. This year the crop is expected to total 35,000,000 bushels.

New Varieties of Wheat

There has been more than farming energy at work to produce this result. Science has taken a hand. Experiment in growing new varieties of wheat to suit the local conditions of soil and climate has been conspicuously successful. The Western Australian farmer can look to the experimental farms of his own State to supply him with a wheat that will not only flourish under the usual climatic conditions, but will resist the rusts and other enemies that have beset some of the earlier types of corn.

Western Australia has sheep and cattle, wool, timber, gold, and fruit, but wheat takes the lead.

ENTERTAINMENTS NOT TO SEE

Pleasure Out of Cruelty

Nine famous names were at the end of a letter in The Times the other day asking us all to think before we go to see performing animals. We gladly give these paragraphs from the letter, with which the C.N. quite agrees.

There are experts who believe that, in spite of regulations, cruelty is inevitable when animals act to a timetable, and all professional performing animals have to do this. Besides this fundamental objection to all such forms of entertainment it must be remembered

1. That many of these animals are trained abroad, in places where the general standard of treatment of animals is often deplorably low.

2. That, quite apart from the great sufferings these animals endure in the course of their training and performances, the constant confinement and frequent travelling in small crates and boxes are other unavoidable sources of suffering, and constitute a further objection to this type of entertainment.

Will the public help to abolish this painful form of amusement by refraining from patronising exhibitions in which performing animals have a part?

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

One Way of Showing It THE SHEEP OUTSIDE THE BUTCHER'S SHOP

Great is the loss and great the injury inflicted on farmers and on the country by the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, which makes imperative the killing of hundreds of dumb beasts as the only remedy. If the infected cattle were not quickly slaughtered thousands would perish where hundreds die now.

It is the price that must be paid for our ignorance of the first causes of the disease, and for years past science has been seeking them with little success. The only sure remedy remains the swift removal of the infected.

What People Lose Sight of

In considering the loss of owners people sometimes lose sight of the sufferings of the poor animals. If death must come to them it ought to be as merciful as man can make it. When a hundred cattle were slaughtered during the epidemic at Swindon, accusations were made of cruelty, not because those who were entrusted with the task failed to use the humane-killer, but because the condemned animals, fastened behind carts, were killed as quickly as possible in sight of one another.

Is this cruelty or is it not? Do the cattle, terrified by the sight of the death of their companions or driven wild by the smell of blood, suffer doubly? Or are they indifferent, not having the sense to understand or the feelings to be harrowed?

Does the sheep kept standing outside the butcher's shop suffer needless pain? Or does it not know? Would the enforced provision of humane slaughter-houses as well as humane-killers make any difference?

Callousness a Twofold Injury

To our minds the answer is this—that the sheep may very likely suffer, and therefore this thing should not be done. Callousness constitutes a twofold injury. It may cause pain to the animals, but it certainly inflicts injury on the minds and hearts of those who are guilty of it.

In the Bible it was forbidden to seethe the kid in its mother's milk; not because this way of cooking could make any difference to kid or goat, but because the idea is cruel and revolting. In the same way the instinct of humanity toward others, even toward the beasts that perish, is part of the impulse to ennoble our own souls. That is the impulse which distinguishes man from the beast, and he should never ignore it.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

There are now over 31 million insured and pensioned people in the United Kingdom.

Behind a looking-glass bought at a sale for 5s. a Nuneaton woman found 32 Treasury Notes.

Other Debtors Please Copy

Poland has just paid £175,000 as a further instalment of her war debt to Britain.

Ford Cars in Japan

Mr. Ford is building a factory at Yokohama to manufacture Ford cars for the Japanese.

A Bell's Long Service

A bell in a tower at Loughborough which has been rung 80,000 times in eighty years is to be recast.

Nottingham on Its Dignity

Nottingham Town Planning Committee has refused to allow a proposed piece of land to be used as a track for greyhound racing.

C.N. Birthday Fund

We have received the following further contributions to this fund:

£5. Mrs. Boyd, S. Rhodesia, S. Africa.
£2 2s. Mrs. L. H. Clegg, Manchester.
5s. Mrs. Hobbs, Thames, New Zealand.
2s. 6d. Miss B. Reeves, Lymington.

RIVIERA WEATHER

A GREAT BLUFF

Skates or Tennis Racquets in the South of France?

FACT AND FICTION

The electric signs of Piccadilly have been asking us to believe the old fable of perpetual sunshine on the French Riviera, but the papers have been giving us the facts. The truth is that the talk about the everlasting Paradise of the Riviera is largely a tradesman's bluff.

The great moneymakers of the South of France have for years been willing to do strange things to lure the money-spenders into their beautiful net.

Unpleasant Incidents

When English visitors were indignant over the cruelty of the pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo the authorities declared that it should stop, but it has never stopped. Men who like to think themselves sportsmen but cannot aim straight are still given the chance of aiming at a dark box from which a pigeon is suddenly released into the dazzling sun.

When unpleasant incidents have occurred on the tennis courts, such as pocket-picking, the authorities have been willing to deal lightly with such offences to save unpleasant advertisement; the social reputation of the Riviera has seemed dearer to them than the security of a traveller's possessions.

And now we have been hearing of ridiculous attempts by interested parties to prevent the publication of true weather news from the Riviera. We are to believe that the Sun is shining and that people are revelling in its warm, health-giving ray when the fact is that snow is falling, people are shivering, and skates, if they were available, would be more popular than tennis racquets.

Winter Outfit Needed

The truth is that the Riviera climate is anything but the glorious certainty that interested people would have us believe it is. The writer's last experience of arriving there was a bitter grey day with winds howling down from the Alps like those of an English October night.

We are to be lured there on the promise of eternal sunshine to find ourselves nipped by frost and shrouded in snow. Women arriving with the flimsiest outfit, such as they would wear at home in the height of summer, find that they actually need a winter outfit.

In fairness it must be pointed out, of course, that the good Riviera weather is in every way delightful.

The scenery is majestic and varied by glimpses of the softest loveliness. The sea is blue indeed, and the sky so bright with stars that they seem near enough to catch in a butterfly-net. But there is one drawback: we need a heavy overcoat to be out to watch them.

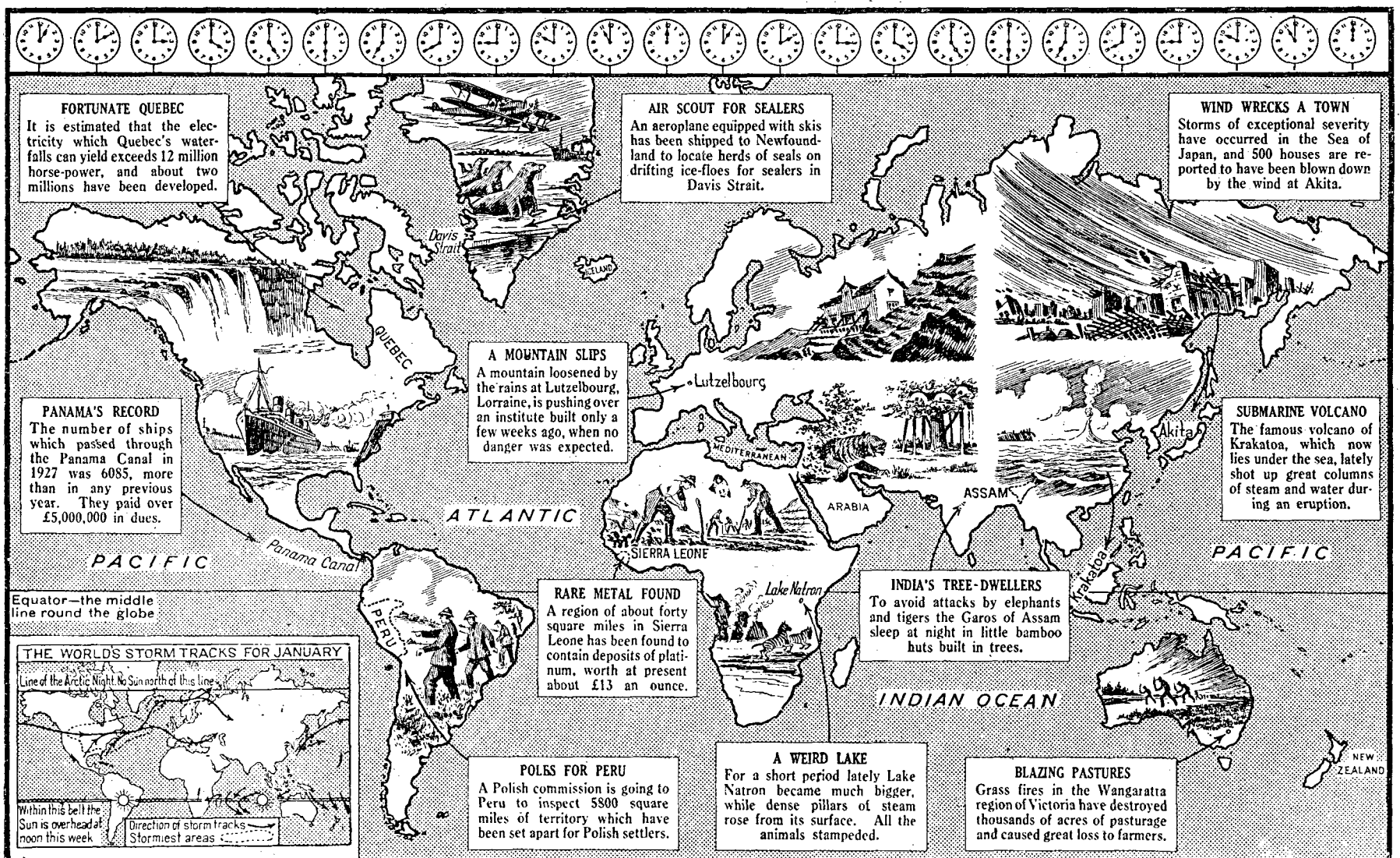
The Bitter Mistral

And, like many other pleasing prospects, the Riviera weather may alternate between good and bad. At about four in the afternoon down comes a bitter wind from the snowy mountains, ruinous to weak throats and lungs. People say "I had a sore throat all the time I was there—was it due to drainage or to dust?" In all probability it was due to the mistral, that bitter blast which sweeps down from the frigid heights in the afternoon and may last, not for an evening, but for days.

"What do you consider the best part of the Riviera year?" a native was asked. "Oh, from May to the beginning of November, when the vulgar mob of visitors have left us and we have the place to ourselves," said she.

Of course they all patriotically praise their weather, but actually Riviera weather is no more reliable in winter than English weather, and the chances are that our English Riviera (the Cornwall and Devon coasts) is often as good as the South of France.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ABRAHAM COLFE'S PLANK A Tale of an Old School

The recent appointment of a new headmaster to one of London's finest old schools, Colfe's Grammar School, recalls a memory of a fine old parson who lived in Elizabethan and Jacobean times. Abraham Colfe was Vicar of Lewisham. He founded the school, and by his deed of settlement he directed the Court of the Leathersellers Company to appoint as headmaster "a learned scholar and an exact grammarian." The boys were to be taught "to read and write and cast up merchants' books perfectly." School began at seven in summer-time and eight in winter, and went on until four in the afternoon, with an hour and a half for dinner. And each boy had to be provided with a satchel.

We may be sure that the Jacobean schoolboys who went to Colfe's were well looked after, for their founder was a considerate man. He showed his consideration when in his will he ordered a plank to be placed over his grave so that parishioners who had come a long way to church might be able to rest there before going in to the service. Later, when the church was pulled down and rebuilt on a somewhat different site, the plank was replaced by a comfortable seat, placed as near Colfe's grave as possible; and to this day the Worshipful Company of Leathersellers of the City of London goes in grave procession at stated periods to Lewisham to see that Abraham Colfe's plank is kept in order.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Suite of Louis XVI furniture	£8800
Marble bust by Augustin Pajou	£5600
A bust portrait by Fragonard	£4800
An Aubusson tapestry suite	£2600
A painting by Antoine Watteau	£2500
A painting by François Boucher	£2200
A Louis XV porcelain clock	£660
Pair of used Cape stamps	£120

THREE ORPHAN BOYS And What They Became

About 35 years ago three clever boys were schoolmates in an orphanage in Berlin. There were about forty boys in the school, but these three were friends. They were poor, and they knew that they would soon have to go out into the world and make their way.

Most of the forty were destined for manual trades, but these three were artists, with vision and high hopes to sustain them. And, though they soon had to work hard to earn their daily bread, they never forgot the aim they had so often spoken of to each other, the aspiration after work which should last and not be merely the daily task, forgotten as soon as done.

One of those boys, Willy Dzubas, is today one of Germany's most famous etchers. He takes his subjects from the industrial life of the teeming millions of Berlin, grim and grey but intensely human. And now, for the first time, he is to visit another of the three, who has lived and worked in London for many years. His name is Jack Rubin, and he is a brilliant craftsman, so skilled in the knowledge of the arts of other days that the Office of Works has asked him to help in repairing some of the furniture at Hampton Court, which is perishing from age. Mr. Rubin is also a painter of beautiful landscapes.

The third of the boys, Isidore Grosse, is now a famous German portrait painter.

THE LONGEST BRIDGE IN AFRICA

A new railway bridge, to cost just under a million pounds, has been ordered in Glasgow. It is to cross the Benue at Makurdi on the Eastern Division of the Nigerian Railway, nearly 300 miles inland from Port Harcourt.

The bridge will be the longest in Africa, being over 2500 feet and comprising 13 spans. It will take road as well as rail traffic in place of the existing train ferry.

WINTER STORMS Who Will Watch For Them?

Who will volunteer to observe thunderstorms? More observers are wanted, especially in Northern and Central Scotland, Central Ireland, and the Welsh mountain districts.

Mr. Morris Bower, of Langley Terrace, Oakes, Huddersfield, will be glad to hear from C.N. volunteers. He has just published the results of three years' work in collecting and tabulating reports.

In the six wintry months of 1926-1927 thunderstorms occurred somewhere in the British Isles on 96 days. That was the first time observations had been made for the whole six months. In the first three months of 1927 there was thunder on 47 days, the lowest number in five years, the highest number being 57 in 1925.

A chart shows that the belt of country running from Dorset to Lincolnshire, which has been almost free from thunder in most winters, was again undisturbed last year, though not in 1926. The usual stormy areas were prominent once more.

THREE WHITE MICE At Home in the Furnace

Three good men who stood in the midst of a fiery furnace and came out unscathed are the heroes of one of the best Bible stories of God's protection of those who serve Him.

One cannot help being filled with wonder at the remarkable properties of the new high-frequency induction furnaces, which only heat metals, alloys, or ores that can conduct an electric current. Three white mice have been put into a furnace which melts huge quantities of metal, and although the door has been left open the mice have remained contentedly inside!

The induction furnace, in fact, heats only electrical conductors. A man can thrust his hands into the furnace with ease, though a crucible of copper or steel will be quickly melted.

AN ENGLISHMAN CALLS ON KING AND SULTAN

Helping a Stricken Race

It is not generally known, we think, that medical science has now succeeded in curing leprosy if those who become infected will at an early stage place themselves under the latest treatment.

We have received a communication from Mr. Frank Oldrieve, the secretary of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, which gives an encouraging account of what is being done to combat the disease in Uganda and Zanzibar.

Mr. Oldrieve recently visited both these areas of infection. In Uganda he was received by the Kabaka (or King) of the province of Buganda at his capital, Mengo, and he addressed the Lukiko (or native Parliament) to point out to the chiefs the need for immediate treatment as soon as the disease appears. There are 20,000 lepers in the whole of Uganda, but Buganda is not the most afflicted area.

The king, a young man dressed in English clothes and a Christian, received the visitor in his drawing-room, promised that he would advise his people to take advantage of the chance of a cure that depends on early treatment if they became infected. In the garden leading to the palace musicians were playing in a grass house, a practice kept up during nearly the whole of the day.

At Zanzibar Mr. Oldrieve found the sultan most courteous and speaking very good English. He is of Arab descent. He was greatly interested in the mission of his visitor.

The Zanzibar lepers live on the island of Funji, and are looked after by an English missionary nurse. Some who were cured wished to remain on the island where they had received such great benefits.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 28 1928

It Will Be All Right

WE have just been reading once more the story of what might have been a great disaster.

Forty-three men were working in a mine in Michigan when a fall of stone from the roof of a tunnelled roadway shut them in. Escape by their own exertions was hopeless. All the food they had was the little snack which the miner takes with him. For five days and nights they were cooped up dangerously in the solid earth. Then a rescue party which had been working furiously in relays broke through to them, and found them hungry but cheerful. What the first man who emerged from that prison-hole said was memorable; it was this: *When we heard the first blast we knew it would be all right.*

That was why they came out cheerful and well after being walled round in the earth for five days. They heard that their comrades were coming. They knew they would never give up the search. They trusted the human instinct to save what needed saving; and it all came right.

Why did those entombed men feel certain it would be all right? And why was it all right?

The reason was they knew that their comrades, free on the earth above, understood just how they were placed and what they were feeling, and that they would behave as the prisoners themselves would have behaved under like circumstances. True manhood could do no other than save the helpless (if they could be saved) however great the toil and risk. That is the spontaneous answer of human nature to the cry of human need. It will rush to make all right when it acts freely and instinctively.

Why, then, is there so much in the world that goes wrong and will not come right? Why do not true hearts beat in unison when things are wrong?

The answer is that in nearly every failure to put things right (failures that lead, as we all know, to strife and loss and misery) those concerned take sides and do not see the right that is on the other side. They allow themselves to be blinded by unconscious prejudice. How can it all come right when such a spirit is making it all wrong?

In every part of our lives things will be right when we have such a rightness of spirit together as gives us all a mutual trust. That was the secret of the Michigan men's faith. Whenever that spirit comes into play settled happiness is near. It is a great simple fact that leaders of movements and men too often forget, and it is the secret of the world's salvation. We must trust in each other.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The New Strand

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON on his column now looks down the widened Strand and the Strand looks up to Admiral Lord Nelson.

For some time past the Strand has been looking up. It has rid itself of those shops where spurious auctioneers with brass fronts and iron lungs sold people goods they did not want at prices which were robbery. Not one of these humbugging shops is left. The gilt watches that never went, the horrible pairs of painted vases, the leather cases of the world's worst cutlery, have gone in search of other customers elsewhere.

And the old Strand, as world-famed as any street in the world, grows in every way brighter and better every day, as if it had been taking lessons from Dr. Coué. Its shops are gayer, it is raising a new Strand hotel, and at the eastern end the towering and growing Bush House rivals in height the Nelson Column in the west.

Compared with the New Strand the Old Strand seems somewhat like last year's almanac.

The Cry of the Children

ONE of the great scandals of our age is that of children living in the most lovely districts of England among such social conditions as allow the lack of a decent water supply, decent milk, and decent school buildings.

Professor J. E. G. De Montmorency

Ladies and Gentlemen

WE very much like a note that comes to us from a vicarage in Yorkshire.

The friend who writes left a country village for a church among the mills of the North, and this is the note that interests us in his letter.

What strikes me most of all in my own sphere of service is that the young people now are all ladies and gentlemen. Our mill lads and girls, except for a little accent, would pass in any London drawing-room; good manners and good taste and a very considerable amount of culture, and beneath it all good character. Your own optimistic note seems to find full justification in the facts.

When we are a little anxious about the future of our land it will do us no harm to think of these ladies and gentlemen in our mills. A long and happy life to every one of them!

Everything Has Two Sides

Everything has two sides. On the one hand it is tolerable; on the other hand it is intolerable.

Has your brother done you an injustice? Do not look at his conduct from the point of view which allows you to see only the wrong you have suffered, for in that case you will find it intolerable. Consider it from the point of view which allows you to see only a brother, and his faults will appear tolerable. Epictetus

A Fable

We like this fable from a little monthly messenger that comes to us from a hilltop in Massachusetts.

A MAN was hunting in a forest when a storm came on. Looking for shelter from the rain, he found a hollow log which fitted him snugly. The rain lasted for hours and soaked through the wood, and the log began to contract. When the storm was over the hunter was unable to get out. The log held tight, and finally he gave up, exhausted, knowing he would starve to death. His life flashed before him, and he suddenly remembered all the things he had not done.

This made him feel so small that he was able to crawl out of the log.

Tip-Cat

IN 1932, we are told, America will be beyond the reach of poverty. We wonder where it is going.

THE A.A. is continually bombarded with questions. But its usefulness remains unquestionable.

OUR agricultural interests are said to be in need of protection. Somebody been treading again on the farmer's corn.

I START, says an artist, with the idea that man is right and the world is right. He does not say where he finishes.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If musicians carry their drums in their ears

LIFE is said to be like a game of cards. Tricks and shuffling?

THE English are indifferent to criticism. Often it is the criticism that is indifferent.

A POET declares that there is

not a single living poet who can live by his poetry. It is worse still with the married ones.

TAXI-DRIVERS complain that under the present scale they lose a penny a mile. We hope somebody finds it.

A NEWSPAPER announces "Economy in Museums." It is so rare.

Better Wages

"Come hither!" called the City,
"And I will pay you well
With fortune, fame, and feasting
As merry as a bell.
For though my skies be clouded,
And though my ways be stone,
My pay is gold and silver.
Come, lad, and be my own!"

But Tarry! said the Country,
And Stay! the branches sighed,
The River sang *Be steadfast!*
The Wheatfield whispered *Bide!*
And so I chose the Country,
Which gives to lads that stay,
Instead of gold and silver,
The Sun and stars for pay.

A School Song

This is the song of Mundella School, Nottingham; it was written by Mr. W. Ringrose, a former master there.

MUNDELLA SCHOOL for ever!

May it successful be,
With earnest students blended
In cordial sympathy;
In playground and in study
Let all put forth their might,
In healthy emulation
Their fullest powers unite.

OUR good old town has ever
Her part right boldly played;
In freedom's cause her people
Have strenuous efforts made.
Our scholars in the future
Her citizens will be,
Their zeal and labour bringing
Increased prosperity.

Go forward then, Mundella,
Your daughters, leal and true,
Your sons, staunch and determined,
Shall duty's call pursue.
Thus shall they surely further,
In one united band,
The welfare of our city
And of our Motherland.

A Kew Man

A country correspondent who has been up to town sends us this little article on a man she found doing his work patiently and quietly in London.

DOWN at Kew I saw a young man with a very happy face in one of the fern houses. He had slung round his waist a bottle of methylated spirit, and he was painting the back of a fern leaf with a brush that had been dipped in it.

"They all suffer from mealy-bug, madam," he said in response to my inquiry, "even though I take the greatest care of them." He looked with pride at the beautiful clusters of filmy ferns around him. "And they were much the worse for that fog we had too; oh, yes, they feel it through the glass."

"You know every leaf of every fern here?" I ventured.

"Course I do; it's my job," said he, smiling; "and we get new ferns from all over the world."

Is not this a wonderful man, content, absorbed, deeply learned in the different varieties of fern life?

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A THOUSAND pounds a day was raised for charity by British Masons last year.

A MEMBER of Parliament suggests saving waste enough to reduce the income tax to half-a-crown.

THE Principal of Chicago University says the span of life has grown in 300 years from 30 to 60.

A NEW room for the National Gallery is to be built by Sir Joseph Duveen.

A FORTUNE of £39,000 has been given to Johns Hopkins University for the study of the cause and discovery of a cure of a common cold.

SHAKESPEARE STAGE BY THE AVON MEMORIAL THEATRE ON THE WAY

Beautiful House for His Plays
in His Own Town

THE UNVEILING OF STRATFORD

One of the good things of the New Year will be the beginning of the building of the new Shakespeare Theatre on the sacred banks of the Avon, where Shakespeare walked.

It will be a great thing to see the walls rising at last, to see Shakespeare worthily housed and worthily produced in his own town; and there are two facts that give peculiar pleasure concerning this great enterprise.

American Contributions

One is that the winning design, chosen from more than seventy, is that submitted by Miss Elisabeth Scott, daughter of a Bournemouth doctor and cousin of the architect of Liverpool Cathedral. The other is that it is the American contributions that have made the actual beginning of the work possible. Shakespeare belongs to the English-speaking race, and it is fitting that the whole race should build a memorial theatre. The theatre is to cost about half a million pounds, and it will be a magnificent building, worthy of its famous site.

There are one or two things the C.N. would like to say about Stratford which have not, we believe, been said before. We take Stratford town very much for granted, and rarely think how fortunate we are that such a lovely place should be associated with our king of men. It might easily have happened that Shakespeare had been born in a countryside—less beautiful, perhaps in an industrial town like Wigan, say, or in a place like Bethnal Green. It is wonderful to think that he was born in the very heart of England, in one of its loveliest spots.

The Setting of the Memorial

The laying of the foundation-stone of the Memorial Theatre might easily be called the unveiling of Stratford. Thousands of English people will go there, hundreds of thousands of Americans, and see whole stretches of streets as Shakespeare saw them. They will go through the Warwickshire lanes and come out in this little Tudor town and go down the long street leading to the school where Shakespeare went. They will be able to walk in his steps, see what he saw.

But if they had gone there 25 years ago they would not have been conscious of such harmony, something so supremely right in the setting of a memorial to our great Elizabethan. Twenty-five years ago the town wanted cleaning up. It was practically covered with plaster. It is right that a tribute should be paid to the memory of the woman who started the movement for bringing back the lost glory of Stratford, and, so far as we know, the tribute has not been paid.

The woman who started the unveiling of Stratford and fought for the bringing back of its lost beauty was Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist.

Our Debt to Miss Marie Corelli

It is probable that outside Stratford people do not realise the importance of what Marie Corelli did. She was not easy to deal with in some ways, and often alienated people who would have been her friends. When she went to live at Stratford people smiled, and thought that she was advertising herself and her books and seeking in Shakespeare's birthplace an unearned immortality.

What she did was to take one of the best houses in the town, close to Shakespeare's old school, strip off the plaster,

THE THREE WOMEN OF CHIPEWYAN

A LADY has just returned home after two years in the Arctic, and she has a striking tale to tell of life amid the snows.

She lived at Fort Chipewyan, a trading post 240 miles from a railhead in the Far North of Canada. Indian trappers bring furs to the place and purchase stores there. A corporal of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is on duty. That is all the life of the place, yet three brave white women live there to keep their husbands company.

The winters last about eight months in Fort Chipewyan, and a winter's day is only from 10.15 a.m. to 3.15 p.m. The postman arrives once a month if his dog sleigh can get across the ice, and the doctor pays a visit at Christmas-time. Sometimes there are hardships in the matter of food, as, for instance, when a supply of flour proved to be tainted with petrol and the dwellers at the settlement had to eat it or starve.

Outside the settlement are two missions, one conducted by nuns and

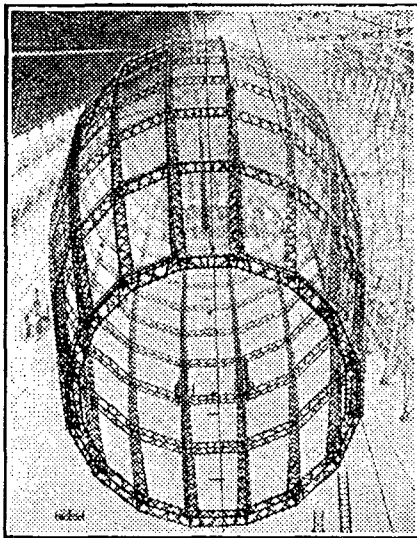
the other by Protestant sisters; and these heroic women nurse the Indians when they are sick and educate the children, and they are always cheerful.

So on the surface are the three wives of Fort Chipewyan, but once one of them was seen with tears in her eyes. She was watching a steamer leave. Boats visit the Fort in the summer with news and supplies, but now the ice was forming and this was the last steamer she would see for seven or eight months. She had children, and if they fell ill she would be cut off from doctors and surgeons, with only the nuns to help her. What chance would the little ones have if the sickness were serious?

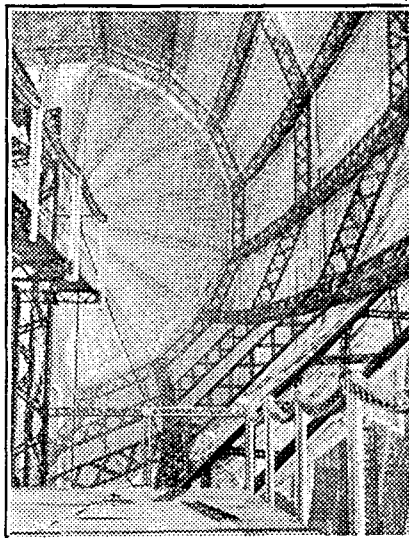
But in spite of her fears the brave woman stuck to her post, laughed at the winter's darkness and its 92 degrees of frost, did her best to keep her children well, and made them a little feast to celebrate Christmas.

The three white women of Fort Chipewyan are very gallant ladies.

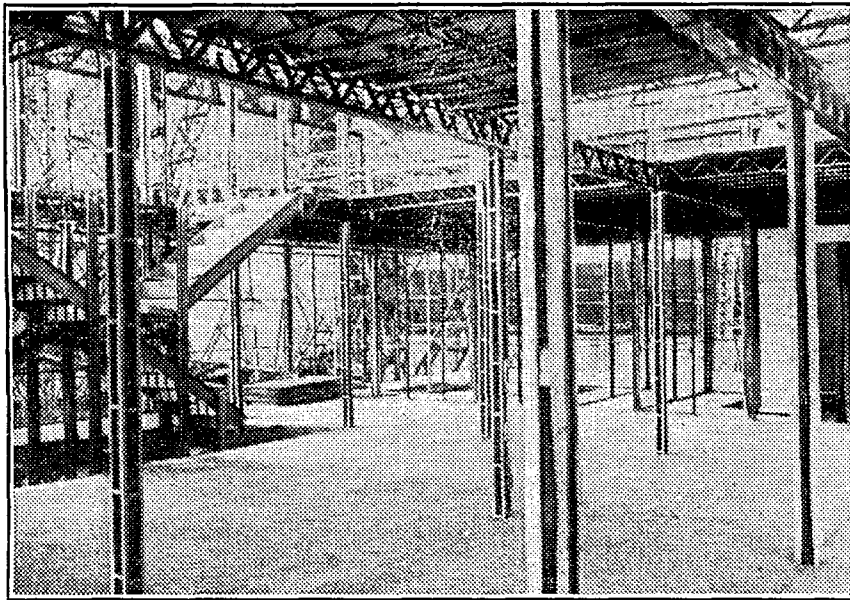
THE GIANT OF THE AIR



The framework of the giant airship



Inside R100, showing one of the gasbags



The huge restaurant, with staircases to upper and lower decks

These pictures show the progress made in the construction of R100, the huge airship which is being built at Howden, Yorkshire. When completed it will be used to carry passengers and mails between England, Montreal, and New York, and the passengers will enjoy all the comforts of an ocean liner. Who would dream that the great restaurant shown in the picture will carry 100 diners two or three miles above the clouds?

and make it beautiful. Then she persuaded someone else to do the same. She spent a great deal of money herself and got other people to spend money, and she was intensely happy watching cottage after cottage being cleaned up and restored. She knew that people came to Stratford and said "That is Shakespeare's school and that is Marie Corelli's house," and she smiled. She did not mind. While they were scorning her she was making the heart of Shakespeare's England a place worthy of the high honour in which it is held today.

There are still a few shops in the town which have not yet come into line with

the movement. Their owners have now a most excellent chance of paying back to the town some of the good they have reaped, of using nobly some of the money they have made out of the people of Stratford. We hope they will see their way to do it. For once the foundation-stone of the Memorial Theatre is laid Stratford will become a more popular place of pilgrimage than ever. There are numberless young people out in the middle-west States who are saving up dollars to come to England one day, and we should like to be entirely proud of the home of Shakespeare when we say How do you do? Picture on page 12

A WISE MAN FROM THE EAST

KING AMANULLAH

Transformer of the Life of the
Afghan People

WINNING OUR FRIENDSHIP

All London is looking forward to the arrival of a young man who has done a wonderful work in the East and has had a most interesting journey so far on his way from Afghanistan.

Amanullah Khan, King of Afghanistan, has only been on the throne nine years, but in those nine years he has transformed his country.

He began in a way which Englishmen cannot be expected to commend; he made war on Britain. It was so short, happily, that most people have forgotten that there ever was an Afghan War in our generation.

Friendship for England

Amanullah's father, the Amir Habibullah, was proud of having kept Afghanistan out of the Great War, even after the Caliph of Islam, the Sultan of Turkey, had joined Germany against Britain and Russia. His steady policy was friendship with England, despite the unpopularity of her overlordship.

But in the year after the war Habibullah was assassinated. Amanullah's elder brother had resigned the heirship to his uncle, a step which the people resented. Amanullah, not being the heir, had had a more democratic upbringing than his brother, and when he seized the throne at twenty-six, with a declaration on his lips of sovereign independence for Afghanistan, the people and the army rallied to his support.

A Free Afghanistan

The new king actually crossed the frontier at the head of an army to make good his proclamation, but the appearance of a British aeroplane over Kabul brought wiser counsels. A peace was made by which the subsidy from the Indian Government of £120,000 a year was forfeited, but Afghanistan was freed from Britain's control of her foreign relations—a gain which the young king doubtless thought cheap at the price.

So it is over a sovereign independent country that Amanullah has reigned ever since. To maintain that independence he holds two things to be necessary, the spread of education and the development of the country's natural resources. His father had already introduced motor-cars, telephones, newspapers, electric power, and schools, and the good work has been continued by his son.

Progress in the Kingdom

There are now Legislative and State Assemblies, a Cabinet, and State Departments on the Western model. Colleges have been modernised, high schools have been extended to every large town, and village schools are set up under travelling teachers, Amanullah's queen taking the education of the girls of the country under her special guidance.

Young Afghans have been sent abroad to acquire a Western education, the seven-year-old heir-apparent at their head, and foreign experts in education, agriculture, and mining have been brought in to lead in the new developments. Gold, precious stones, coal, and iron are being mined, model farms set up, and the latest and best agricultural machinery imported.

And the keynote of the foreign policy of this young man who made war on Britain to gain his country's independence is Anglo-Afghan friendship!

May good fortune follow him.

A PITBOY'S £2000 A YEAR

A boy who went to work in a coal-pit after leaving a Leicestershire Grammar School left the mine and went to India, where he gained a position as Inspector of Mines and is now earning a salary of nearly £2000 a year.

ENGLISH SONGS

WHY NOT SING THEM?

Carrying the Old Folk-Songs
About the World

A TALK WITH AN ENTHUSIAST

One of our musical enthusiasts sends us these notes of a talk with another enthusiast of the concert platform.

I had never heard anyone sing so pleasantly as at a song recital the other night. The singer was Ursula Greville.

Miss Greville sings for children and grown-ups too, and her children's songs have to pass a severe criticism before the public is allowed to hear her sing them. They must first gain the approval of two or three children aged from four to six.

"These songs," she said, "should be written in a child's own words, like that delightful one I Went to London With Twopence in My Pocket, so that the mother can go home and teach Tommy and Mary to sing them."

English for the English

Miss Greville started singing seven years ago, and made her debut as Queen of the Night in Mozart's Magic Flute. Eight years she has been studying, and every year brings her nearer her aim, which is to sing the best songs in English to English-speaking peoples. So many songs which we cannot understand (and cannot therefore appreciate) have been sung to us in different languages that our brains have grown tired and somewhat stagnant, and Ursula Greville wants to reawaken in the British people the love of their own tongue. This she does most effectively in folk-songs.

"It is the song with a narrative that has the greatest appeal," she told me. "The folk-song is loved everywhere, for it speaks of things which nearly everyone has experienced, and old and young can appreciate it." She has travelled on the Continent and in America, where large, enthusiastic audiences gather to hear her, and everywhere she has found the folk-song popular.

The Tree of Song

It should never be forgotten that the poem is the main part of a song. It is the sap in the tree of song, while the music provides it with decorative leaves and blossoms. Good songs are written not very high or low, but for that middle part of the voice which conveys the life of a song to us. Beautiful effects may be obtained from both high and low notes, but the meaning of the song is more important to us than its beauty.

"Many people who sing mostly in foreign languages excuse themselves by saying it is so difficult to find good English songs," said Miss Greville; "but that is not true. I have no sympathy with them, for there are heaps of really good English songs which are a joy to sing and hear. The fact is that it is much harder to sing English well than it is to sing Italian or German badly."

Our Hidden Talent

But the English song is gradually coming back to its own again, as the growth of community singing shows us; and old William Byrd would be delighted if he could come back again to see how English singing has spread far and wide since he wrote:

Since singing is so good a thing
I wish all men would learn to sing.

Ursula Greville and other people are giving us back our hidden talent that we may realise its worth and multiply it a thousandfold. May she be alive on the day when the lark which lies in all of us is no longer caged, but sings with all the beauty of its being in English.

Who is Sulking at Westminster?

A BLOT ON LONDON'S SACRED PLACE

The Central Hall of Methodism
and the Great House of Healing

A PIECE OF UGLINESS THAT FACES THE BEAUTIFUL ABBEY

Everybody will be profoundly thankful that the reception of the proposed addition to Westminster Abbey has made it certain that the proposal will never be carried out.

Westminster is our holy of holies, and the Abbey is its heart of hearts. The Abbey has already been spoiled inside by a collection of tawdry monuments, which could easily be removed to make room for all the additions that will be needed for centuries to come. It has also been spoiled to some extent on the outside, for a piece of vandalism was committed some years ago, when a wall was built right in front of one of the western towers.

An Incomparable Group

The indignation aroused by the proposal to build an addition to the Abbey has been one of the gratifying things of our time. It shows that the public is satisfied with the exterior of the Abbey as it is and will not have it touched.

We should like to call attention once more to what we consider the one remaining blot on Westminster. Now that Westminster Hospital has restored its front with so many skilful touches most of us feel nothing but delight as we contemplate the four great buildings of Westminster: the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, the Middlesex Guildhall, and Westminster Hospital. They are an incomparable group, and there is surely no minute in any bus in the world to be compared with the minute we spend in the bus passing these four most noble piles.

Face of Unfinished Brick

But it is with a feeling of something like bitterness that we come upon the great block of the Central Hall, with its front still unfinished after twenty years. The Central Hall was never a noble building, for it is poorly conceived, but there is no reason in the world why it still should be presenting to every eye in Westminster its naked face of unfinished brick, standing after nearly a generation exactly as the builder left it, waiting for the bricklayer or the plasterer to carry on the next morning. It is an ugly piece of work, and those responsible for it owe it to their good name and to the fair name of Westminster to put this matter right.

We think that somebody is sulking, and London has the right to ask that no childishness shall spoil the glory of Westminster.

The Central Hall was built out of the great fund of a million guineas raised by the Wesleyans about a generation since. It was a fine tribute to one of the finest communities in the world. It gave the Wesleyans a much-needed

G.H.Q. for that generous activity and that wonderful outpouring of energy which find their way into almost every corner of the land. It was a fine conception which placed this G.H.Q. among that group of buildings which includes the home of the Mother of Parliaments, the centre of the spiritual life of the nation, and one of the finest houses of healing in the world. The Wesleyan G.H.Q. faces Westminster Abbey itself.

But it happened that the front of it also faced Westminster Hospital, and it happened, also, that the plans for the completion of the Central Hall somehow went astray.

An Astonishing Thing

We do not know how it was, but when the Central Hall was all but finished it was discovered that the plans would interfere with the light belonging to the hospital. Nobody could really desire that this should happen, and it is an astonishing thing that matters should have gone so far before the discovery was made. At length the matter came before the court, and was referred by the judge to an independent surveyor. The result of his investigations was that an order of the court was made restricting the boundary of the Central Hall. The Wesleyans forthwith proposed the erection of two towers, but as this could not be brought within the boundaries agreed upon it was decided by the hospital authorities that the towers would be harmful to the work of the hospital and injurious to the health of the patients. The proposal, therefore, could not be carried out.

Time Something Was Done

What happened then we do not know, but in all these years no attempt has been made to finish the Central Hall, and there it stands, its front all unfinished, an ugly blot on Westminster.

It seems beyond doubt that somebody is sulking, and it is more than time that something was done. We appeal to Sir Robert Perks, who has lived to see the triumph of the Million Guinea Fund and the spreading of the influence of Wesleyanism all over the land, to use his influence to crown this work as it should be crowned. We love Methodism, one of the finest forces at work throughout the world, but we love London, and especially this lovely part of it, and we do not think John Wesley, if he could come back to us, would like this spectacle of Wesleyans sulking outside the Abbey, with the Houses of Parliament looking on. He would not like this confession of failure in so high a place, and he would expect his mighty host of followers to set a great example and put this matter right without delay.

A LITTLE PLACE TO SLEEP IN

THERE is always a way to get on. This story sent to us by a Hungarian correspondent tells us how a young Hungarian managed it. His home is in Transylvania, now under Rumanian rule, and his one desire was to graduate from a Hungarian university.

On arriving in Budapest he found himself confronted with the double task of pursuing his studies and earning his daily bread. Six months later he presented himself, diffidently but trustfully, at the Ministry of Justice, and begged, as a special privilege, to be allowed to spend part of the night on a bench in one of the offices. When he was pressed to give a reason for this

strange request he explained that he had no quarters of his own and needed none, as he was employed as a clerk in the Department in the mornings, studied at a friend's rooms in the afternoons, and worked as a baker's assistant during the first half of the nights. There was, however, an interval between this work and his office hours, during which he was at a loose end, and if permission to use the bench were given him he would like to spend it in sleep!

It is pleasant to know that his request was granted, and we are glad to hear that the multiplicity of his pursuits has not prevented him from passing his first examination with flying colours.

WHERE ARE ALL THE BOOKS TO GO?

GROWING PROBLEMS OF BIG LIBRARIES

Twenty Thousand New Volumes
Coming Out Every Year

THE COUNTRY'S LITERARY WORKSHOP

It is rather a long time now since Solomon noticed that of making many books there is no end, and the rate at which they are made has somewhat increased in the interval.

That is rather an important fact for the great libraries. Most important of all is it to places like the British Museum and the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which receive by law a copy of every book and periodical published. How is space to be found for them all? The British Museum had to build an annexe at Hendon some years ago, to which newspaper files and old periodicals could be sent, and now the Bodleian is faced with the same problem.

Alternative Plans

It has published a pamphlet discussing alternative plans for extension, explaining that at the present rate of increase (between 20,000 and 25,000 volumes a year) the present buildings will be full up by 1937, which leaves none too long to prepare. Naturally there is not much room for enlargements where the library is now, in the middle of Oxford. Rooms might be burrowed under existing buildings and the spaces round them, but that would not be very safe for either the buildings or the books, and could not meet requirements for very long.

Two other plans are to be considered. One is to build an annexe outside Oxford on the Hendon plan, and the other is to build a new library in University Park, using the present library buildings merely as headquarters. Of course the new library would be much the most satisfactory from the library's point of view, but there is naturally an outcry against building on Oxford's open spaces. Clearly there will have to be a great deal of thinking before a decision is finally made.

The London Library's Needs

Meanwhile there is another great library faced with urgent need of extension, the London Library in St. James's Square. The London Library has no Copyright Act to feed it by compelling everyone to send his books to it; it has to pay its way out of subscriptions. But it does an immensely useful work. It is the library where the mass of research work is done by England's writers for the people. Makers of books and newspapers and periodicals of all kinds congregate in London; London is the country's literary workshop, and the London Library is the place where powder and shot are most easily accessible.

The London Library wants £50,000 for extensions. Its plans are ready and only the money is lacking. People who are proud of England's literary fame and cannot increase it by writing themselves can help it by helping the library to help our writers. The whole country owes a debt to the library which supplies the needs of most of the writers of the British Empire.

THE VULTURE AND THE BAKER

Aviators flying over the Alps and the Pyrenees are sometimes attacked by eagles, but it is rare to hear of a traveller on foot being attacked by a vulture.

Such a mishap, however, has occurred to a French baker at Brens, in the Department of the Tarn, who was pounced upon by a large bird of the vulture family, measuring nearly nine feet from tip to tip. Fortunately for the baker, the bird's wings struck an electric wire, and the vulture fell dead.

January 28, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

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A CRISIS AND A MAN ENERGISER OF THE Y.M.C.A.

Sir Arthur Yapp's Fine Story of a Great Thing Done SPENDING MILLIONS

THE SERVICE OF YOUTH, by Sir Arthur Yapp (Nisbet, 8s. 6d.).

This book is a record of one of the most remarkable efforts of social service in the world's story, written by the man who knew the work best, for he it was who organised it.

The work was the sudden and gigantic expansion of the operations of the Y.M.C.A. to meet the needs of the men who served our country during the Great War.

A crisis always cries aloud for a man to grapple with it. Occasionally he is there; usually he is not. When men went from civil life into the Army by millions something immense was needed to tell the millions that they were cared for apart from the routine of the Army.

Devotion of Quiet Workers

Many agencies, such as the Church Army, the Society of Friends, the Red Cross organisation, the V.A.D., voluntary entertainers, and a host of quiet workers at home answered the call with a fine devotion. Those who ministered to the wounded had the nucleus of an organisation from the first. The Y.M.C.A. was a social and religious body whose aims had not included war service. Its head, Lord Kinnaird, was staggered when Mr. Yapp asked for £25,000 to enable the society to plunge into this new work. He doubted whether £3000 would be subscribed. But the society went on in faith, and a time came when it had spent millions of pounds and had 1000 huts ministering to the needs of the Army in many lands; and it ended the most remarkable of all social achievements by being £1,000,000 in debt. The mainspring of this almost miraculous movement, blessed by every man who joined in the war, was Sir Arthur Yapp.

A Striking Life-Story

In this book he traces his own life in such a way that the reader sees how he was trained to grapple with the entirely unexpected crisis that confronted the society of which he was secretary. Behind his modest narrative we see a man with unbounded faith, thoroughly practical business experience, illimitable energy, great breadth of view, and a most sympathetic understanding of the average man. Given the right man at the right moment in the right place, and mountains of difficulty can be moved.

When he had thoroughly organised the hut service of the Y.M.C.A. in France and elsewhere Sir Arthur was borrowed from the Y.M.C.A. for six months to organise at home the National Food Economy Campaign. Everyone who lived through that period knows how well he did his work.

Experiences and Impressions

In a most genial spirit and with infectious humour Sir Arthur tells his readers of his experiences in many lands, and gives his impressions of a large number of notable people whom he has met. His book is readable throughout. Of course the Y.M.C.A. is the darling of his heart, and no wonder, for through it he did a most amazing service to his countrymen and to mankind, a service so great that this record of it stirs the pulse of the reader and gives a new idea of the triumphs of human helpfulness that are possible to faith and sympathy when the heart is touched.

THIS KIND OLD WORLD

Some Good Thing Always Being Done

TWO OLD MEN BRING THEIR TREASURES

Whenever we feel that the world is a hard, unkind place we can cheer ourselves up by remembering that scarcely a day passes without somebody giving some hospital or home or needy person a bountiful present. Kindness and unselfishness are everywhere, though often hidden from the public eye.

One of the loveliest stories we have ever heard has come out in connection with Mr. A. A. Milne's appeal for help for the Hampstead General and North-West London Hospital. Like many other hospitals, this one is in sore need.

As soon as this state of affairs was made known people in North-West London began to talk about their hospital and wonder what they could do. The secretary will remember for a long time the first few days after the appeal for help was sent out. There came £1000 from somebody without a name, £400 from a bequest, and a postal order for half-a-crown.

An Aged Man's Gratitude

While the secretary was smiling over this and feeling what a good place the world is, someone came to say that an old man wanted to speak to him.

He was an Old Age Pensioner, and he lived in one room in the poorest part of Camden Town. Some time ago he had been to the hospital for treatment for cataract. He went out cured, and felt that he must do something in return. He began to put a bit away, he explained to the secretary, and now that he had heard the hospital was in need he had brought his savings.

The old man produced a knotted handkerchief and untied it with shaking fingers. In it were four five-pound notes. He handed them to the secretary, saying that he would have liked to do more, for he was very grateful, but that was all he could do. He went away happy, for he had helped the hospital which had helped him.

A Gift in Kind

Another day another old man came. He stood at the hospital door, putting down a big sack that he had carried. The secretary went to speak to him.

The old man explained that not very long ago he had been a patient in the hospital and had been very kindly treated. He had just heard that the hospital was in need and he had no money at all, but he had brought a sack of potatoes from his own allotment. They were good potatoes; he had grown them himself; and if the gentleman would kindly take them for the hospital he would be much obliged. He was very sorry he had no money.

The old man shuffled away while the secretary was trying to find a word to say. It is not easy to say Thank you for a gift of such pure gold.

HONOUR FOR A FINE OLD LADY

The governors of Newcastle Infirmary have done honour to themselves in doing honour to a 70-year-old Northumberland fishwife.

Mrs. Pollie Donkin has lived at Cullercoats, a fishing village at the mouth of the Tyne, for 35 years, and all those years she has made a daily round of the countryside with a creel on her back and a basket on her arm selling fish.

In her free hand she has carried a doll or a model creel, begging for coppers for the infirmary, and for this voluntary work on the hospital's behalf the court of governors have elected her one of their number.

THE TERROR IN THE CAR The So-Called Sportsman Again

In Canada, as in South Africa and Australia, there are wise and humane men who have sought to preserve the wild life of their great spaces by creating sanctuaries and preserves in national parks, where animals may roam at will without fear or harm.

But it appears from the state of affairs last year in Northern Ontario, where the Algonquin Park forms a sanctuary as big as a kingdom, that humanity can sometimes fight in vain against stupidity and greed. The year 1927 was the most disastrous that has been known in the history of the Ontario deer.

It has become clear that the real protection of the deer from the so-called sportsman who kills for the fun of the thing is neither the law nor the sanctuary, and certainly not any feeling of humanity. It is, or it was, only the difficulty of getting at them.

The Doom of the Deer

Northern Ontario was a hard place to reach. A long railway journey, a tedious expedition on foot or by canoe along streams that froze by night in autumn and were alive with mosquitoes by day, kept away all but the resolute seekers after game and the simple life.

But the motor-car which doomed the horse is now dooming the deer. Hunting tourists, packing their kit and their camp equipment in their cars, can go everywhere and shoot anything with the least trouble and the greatest expedition.

The mild autumn of last year added to the tragedy of the deer, and the killing went on merrily, with nothing to check it. Canadians say that nothing will check it except to forbid shooting till the end of November. That might lessen the numbers of the fools in the cars and the butchers with the guns.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

How Many Species of Birds Are Listed as British?

Dr. Bowdler Sharpe gives 445 species, representing 22 out of the 31 orders of Aves, or birds.

Is Any Other Place Besides Winchester Identified With Camelot?

Yes; Cadbury Hill in Somerset, where there are extensive earthworks and a well known as King Arthur's Well.

What is the Mandrake?

A European herb of the natural order Solanaceae found in the Mediterranean region. Its thick, fleshy root often forks and roughly resembles the human form, which has given rise to much superstitious belief in connection with it.

Who Was Erasmus?

A great Dutch scholar born at Rotterdam about 1466. His chief work was an edition of the Greek New Testament with a Latin translation, and this had much to do in preparing the way for the Reformation. He visited England, and died at Basle in 1536.

What is Glass?

A transparent or translucent material formed by fusing together some form of silica such as sand, an alkali such as potash or soda, and some other base like lime or lead oxide. Colour is imparted by adding some metallic oxide.

What New Countries Were Formed as a Result of the Great War?

Czechoslovakia, Finland, Poland, Iraq, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. Yugoslavia is a greatly-enlarged Serbia, which now includes Montenegro. Of course some of the countries existed as names before the war, but they were not independent.

What is the Origin of the Phrase Sent to Coventry?

There are various explanations, but the most likely is that the citizens of Coventry had at one time such a dislike to soldiers that they tabooed any woman who spoke to one, and so when a soldier was sent to Coventry it meant that he was cut off from all social intercourse.

THE BRIGHTEST STAR SIRIUS AND HIS FIERY COMPANION

How a Great Sun Has Been Measured

THE MOON AT HER NEAREST

By the C.N. Astronomer

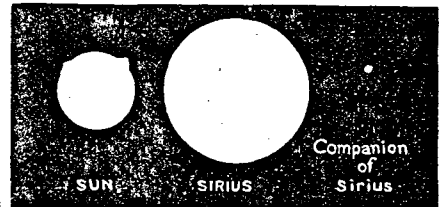
The Moon will be at her nearest to us, but 227,000 miles away, on Sunday evening. As she is approaching the full bright moonlight will be much in evidence when the nights are fine.

This brilliant light will obscure most of the stars, but Sirius, the brightest of them all, will be seen scintillating with his bluish-white lustre almost due South between 9 and 10 o'clock.

He is unmistakable, and, though the nearest of all the stellar host visible to our unaided eyes, he is 565,000 times as far away as our Sun!

For eight years and eight months his sparkling beams of light have been speeding across this terrific span of space, nearly 52½ million million miles.

Sirius is not a giant sun like Aldebaran, Betelgeuze, and many others that appear far less brilliant owing to



The relative sizes of the Sun, Sirius, and the fiery world that revolves round Sirius

their great distance; he is, in fact, only about four-fifths greater in diameter than our Sun, or some 1,555,000 miles. This has been proved by recent interferometer measurements with the great 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson Observatory as well as by radiometer calculations—that is, calculating the star's diameter by the amount of energy it radiates.

This requires a very delicate instrument which registers the energy spectrum of bright stars, so if their distance is known their size can be calculated. Tests have been made at Mount Wilson Observatory with several stars which had been measured by the interferometer, and a remarkable amount of agreement in the stellar measurements was found in the two methods.

Were Sirius in our sky instead of the Sun and no farther off we should see an intensely bright, bluish-white disc, nearly twice as wide as our yellow Sun. Sirius would be pouring down on us thirty times as much light and far more heat, for Sirius has a surface temperature of about 11,200 degrees Centigrade, or about twice the surface temperature of our Sun.

A Massive and Fiery World

As his gravitational pull is nearly two and a half times that of our Sun it is fortunate that Sirius is not so near, or he would pull our little Earth into his whirling mass of incandescent flame.

Sirius has at least one great fiery world that revolves round him once in 49 years at a distance that is at one part of its orbit about 1600 million miles, or almost as far as Uranus is from the Sun; but at the opposite side it is only some 400 million miles from Sirius, or nearly the distance of Jupiter from the Sun.

Now, while Sirius is pulling this flaming companion toward him the companion also pulls Sirius round in a much smaller orbit. This proves that this companion, though faint, must be exceedingly massive. The analysis of its light, or spectrum, also shows that this is the case to an amazing degree; and that, instead of its being a large sphere, as it was once thought to be, it is a comparatively small world, about 26,000 miles in diameter. Its material must, therefore, be so dense and massive as to weigh 2000 times as much as any metal known on Earth. G. F. M.

ST. PALFRY'S CROSS

The Tale of a
Lost Inheritance

By
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Torferry is startled by the strange appearance of a man who passes through the village playing a drum.

David Keddie, on his way home from school, feels that the stranger is trying to attract his attention. But he forgets the drummer at the news he finds awaiting him: instead of the fortune he expected his Aunt Deborah tells him his father has left him nothing.

While she is telling her story a message is slipped under the door bidding David to a secret meeting on the sands. David goes, and is given some papers in his dead father's writing.

Attempts to steal these papers fail. And so do all efforts of Lawyer Roach to extract information concerning them.

CHAPTER 7

Pocket-Books and Pockets

It was white-haired Mr. Carthew who broke the strained silence.

Drawing David toward him in fatherly fashion, he proceeded to read him a little lecture. He began by pointing out that the man was a dangerous character; a desperate character wanted by the police.

"You," he went on, "were actually seen in his company." And when David let this pass, "After night-fall," the old gentleman emphasised. "After nightfall, when you should have been in your bed."

But all this brought was a sound like a snort from Aunt Deborah.

"I will thank you," she said, "to leave the lad's bedtime to me."

"Just so," Mr. Carthew assented, inclining his head. "Well, David, you have nothing to be afraid of, and nothing to be ashamed of, nothing at all, in telling the authorities all that you can."

David was doggedly mute, though he listened respectfully.

Then the magistrate gave it up. He turned back to Roach.

"I am sure you understand, Mr. Roach," he confessed, "that if the lad doesn't want to speak we can't force him. There is no charge against him. We must not coerce him. Did you tell me you were on the track of that vagabond?"

"The police are, sir," the lawyer corrected smoothly, with that ceremonious tone he used to the bench. "I believe Polwhever has called in some help, and they'll have him under lock and key by tonight."

"Let's hope so," said the old gentleman, as he shook hands. Next he shook hands with David. He shook hands with Miss Primrose—timidly. Then he clutched at his hat and went from the room.

"Just one minute, please," begged Roach, and rushed after him.

At once Miss Primrose behaved in a very queer fashion, for she tiptoed to the door and opened it swiftly. There was no one there. She closed it again without a sound, nodding shrewdly to David. "No eavesdroppers!" she whispered. "Quick! Listen, laddie. Move your chair close up to mine."

When Lawyer Roach returned just four minutes later he found the two chairs precisely where they had been formerly, one tenanted by a lad who gazed out of the window and the other by a figure as silent and straight as a ramrod.

He looked at David.

"Well," he said, "it's this way, Keddie. I shan't be hard on you. I don't want to be hard on you. Mr. Carthew had no need to prattle about coercion. But what am I to do with you if you won't speak?"

His tone was the kindest that he had used yet. There was even a shade of affability in it.

And, oddly enough, it seemed that David responded. At any rate, the doggedness went from his face.

"You see, Mr. Roach," he replied, "you have sprung this upon me so."

"You want time to think, eh?"

"Well, if I've done wrong, yes," said David. His hand went to his breast pocket. A light flickered in Roach's eyes as he watched David fumbling.

"What is it, Keddie?" he asked.

"Nothing," said David, in that tone which boys use. But he went on fumbling in his pocket. He drew out a matchbox. He drew out other small articles. He drew out a pocket-book. He placed all these on his knee, the pocket-book uppermost. And then pulled a handkerchief out and put the rest back.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I thought I'd lost my handkerchief."

Roach's eyes followed the pocket-book to the pocket.

Aunt Deborah rose.

"Do you know, Mr. Roach," she said primly, "there never was such a lad for losing handkerchiefs? Well, I don't want to detain you. I'll leave David with you."

Astonishment, and an expression other than astonishment, flashed across the lawyer's sleek face.

"But," he demurred, "I have got my affairs to attend to." Yet he made no move to show them out as he would have done were he concluding an interview. "Perhaps," he qualified, "our friend David wants a chat with me."

"I thought," said Miss Primrose, shrugging, "you might like some more talk with him. But as an old woman can't help you I'll bid you good day."

Mr. Roach was all politeness.

"Yes, of course," he returned, and escorted her to the door. There he bowed to her. "Good-morning, Miss Primrose."

Aunt Deborah gave him a little nod and marched out. One hand was resting negligently on her skirt. And David, had he liked, could have told Lawyer Roach that under the very spot where that careless hand rested was hidden, suspended by tape, a prim little pocket.

Just the place to keep valuables.

Also David, left behind on the rush-bottomed chair, could, had he been so minded, have told Mr. Roach that when Aunt Deborah had made her way into the street her steps would not turn themselves toward the cottage in the lane, but toward the level-crossing with its swing gates—when Lawyer Roach's time-table, had he consulted it, would have reminded him of the train to Penzance at eleven.

Those who broke into cottages might try again.

So, smiling, grimly, the old lady took train to Penzance. And there she called on the manager of her bank, to whom, after turning her back to get at her underskirt, she handed a sealed envelope addressed by herself to herself. It was very thin. There seemed scarcely anything in it.

"Please place this in your strong room for me," she commanded.

Mr. Trelawney took it gravely and uttered no comment; though never before had he been given a package so thin to deposit in the safe-keeping of his bank.

"And you will hold it, please, at my nephew David's disposal if anything happens to me," his client instructed.

"Tut! That will be a long time yet," said her old friend.

"Fiddlesticks!" snapped Aunt Deborah. "How does my account stand?"

He summoned a clerk, and presently gave her the figures.

"Then we're none so ill-equipped," she observed enigmatically. "Do you believe in taking risks, Mr. Trelawney?"

Up went his hands in horror. "No more do I. But I thank Providence I've got health and strength and a little money to spare for a fight against roguery."

With which dark saying she bade him good-bye and departed.

CHAPTER 8

At the Cottage Again

THERE was no train back till late in the afternoon; twilight had begun to close in when Miss Primrose returned to Torferry and went, with a load off her mind, up the lane to the cottage. She was cheered to think that David would be awaiting her, the tea on the table, the logs in the grate crackling comfortably, and that in a moment or two they would be laughing over the stratagem whereby she had carried the writing away into safety under the very nose of the man who was itching to get it. For Aunt Deborah felt as certain as she could feel that Lawyer Roach's extraordinary interest in the drummer was in some mysterious fashion traceable to that scrap of paper.

As she turned into the lane she was actually chuckling. What a simple little ruse to snare a sleek rascal! The sight of the pocket-book upon David's knees had been all that was needed to lead him into the trap. "There sits the lad with the message I want in his pocket. Don't let him go. But let the old woman go; he'll be easier to tackle without her." He might have said that aloud, so plainly his mind had been saying it.

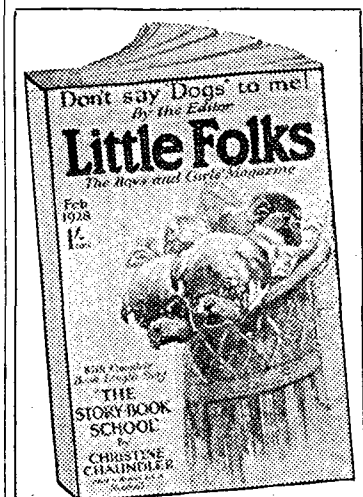
No light shone from the upper windows as she approached. She stopped and peered quickly over the hedge at the ground-floor. Their little sitting-room was in darkness as well. Quickening her pace she called out his name; and "David!" she called as she ran through the gate. But the door did not fly open, with David behind it.

She hastened into the kitchen. She called up the stairs. There were no signs of David. In the grate sagged the remains of that morning's fire; the breakfast things stood on the table just as they had left them: his empty egg-shell, his serviette sprawling untidily.

With a little frown Aunt Deborah pounced on the thing and folded it, quite unconscious of what she was doing. Her fingers had fastened mechanically on a trifle while her mind had hurried off to confront something monstrous. David had promised to wait in the cottage. And David was not here. He had not returned here! A monstrous threat revealed itself by his absence, a sinister danger seemed to have drawn very near.

Perhaps David could not keep his serviette tidy, but his promises he could always keep, and he did. So something had happened to him. He had either been hurt, or kidnapped, or he had gone away with the drummer. But he would have left word if he had gone away with the drummer.

And then Aunt Deborah scolded herself for her nervousness.



A Splendid Number!

LITTLE FOLKS for February is a very special issue. It contains two long complete stories, one of which is called "The Story-Book School," which is all about a girl who expects to find a boarding school just like you read about in story-books; a Novel in a Nutshell; Competitions; Dramatic Club; Pets and Pastimes; A Play for Acting, etc., etc.

Buy a Copy Today - - 1/-

"Stuff and nonsense!" said she. "Nothing's wrong with the laddie." She made up the fire and filled the kettle with water and took down from the dresser a clean cup and saucer. But just as the kettle was beginning to sing and as her scalloped spoon dipped into the tea-caddy she dropped it there, and, lifting the kettle from the fire, she put it down with an angry thump.

Next moment she was out in the twilight again and was making for that flight of stone steps in the churchyard.

An elderly man with a sallow, secretive face was in the act of locking the office as she arrived. He informed her that his master had gone for the day.

"Never mind your master. Where is my nephew?"

"Ah," he said over his shoulder, turning the key. "I was just coming up to the cottage to tell you, Miss Primrose. David is up to Porthfrennon with Mr. Carthew."

"Porthfrennon! And for what has he gone to Porthfrennon?"

"It is this way, Miss Primrose. Soon after you left this morning we received word that a vagrant who answered that beggarman's description had been caught at Porthfrennon. So Mr. Carthew took David to identify him."

"But Mr. Carthew left this office before me," Miss Deborah protested in no satisfied tone.

The clerk took a pinch of snuff. "That may be," he answered. "But you asked me where your nephew was, and I've told you."

"And why was David taken off to Porthfrennon?"

"To identify the man. There was nobody else for it. No one but David had seen the fellow to speak to."

"And that," she answered tartly enough, "is a fib. The villagers had seen him drumming his drum."

"Well, maybe they took some villagers too. I don't know."

"And when will he be back?"

"I was coming to tell you," reiterated the clerk, as, jangling his keys, he led the way down the steps. "You were not to expect David back till tomorrow, Miss Primrose. He's to spend the night in Porthfrennon with Mr. Carthew, because they'll want him in the Court House first thing in the morning."

At the foot of the steps she stopped and glanced up at the office, which stood in the gathering shadows so silent and lifeless.

"Man," she said, clutching the old fellow's arm, "are you lying?"

"Why should I lie to you?" was his quiet rejoinder. Then, raising his hat, he ambled upon his way.

Miss Deborah was tired. She had had a fatiguing day with the excitement of the morning and the journey to Penzance and back. There were three uphill miles to climb to Torferry Manor. Mrs. Carthew, her hair as silvery as her husband's, her face as kindly, came out to her when the manservant took in her name.

"I am so sorry you have missed Mr. Carthew. He has gone to Porthfrennon."

Perhaps Aunt Deborah was a little out of breath still. For the other thought she paused a very strange time before uttering "Do you know if he's taken my nephew?"

Mrs. Carthew shook her head. "I can't say," she answered. "He sent me word he had gone. That's all I know. Except that it is magistrate's business he's gone on."

"Pressing business?"

Mrs. Carthew grew communicative. "Oh, yes. Quite exciting," she smiled. "For some little time, you know, the county police have been on the watch for a notorious criminal who broke gaol in London and was believed to be trying to make his way to the coast in some disguise or another. Well, it appears the scoundrel was caught at Porthfrennon today. So my husband had to go over—"

"Will he be back tonight?"

"No, I don't expect him back till the morning."

"Has Mr. Roach gone with him?"

"That I don't know."

Aunt Deborah thanked her gravely and took her leave.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

Bravest of the Brave

THE French Emperor Napoleon, who knew more about war, probably, than any man who ever lived, gave to one man, also a Frenchman, the tribute of calling him The Bravest of the Brave. The story of that brave man is one of the saddest in history.

Like many noted French soldiers, he was born poor. His father was a working-man who made barrels for French wines. The son enlisted as a horse soldier when he was nineteen years old. It was in the days when France was being hurried into revolution by the sufferings of her people and the folly of her governors. When the Revolution came the French Army began to elect its officers, and the cooper's son was elected a lieutenant by his comrades.

In the wars that followed, through Europe trying to put down the French Revolution, the young soldier made rapid progress, and when Napoleon came to the front as supreme leader of the French he quickly singled out the young general, who had already been wounded three times. His first campaign under Napoleon crowned his success, and at the end he was a marshal and a duke at 36.

After that he was constantly conspicuous in Napoleon's campaigns against the Prussians, the Austrians, and the Russians.

Then came the Emperor's fatal march against the Russians, which led to his defeat, not by the Russians, but by winter. In the advance to Moscow Napoleon's bravest soldier had repeated his former exploits, and had always been present at the point in the battles where victory was won.

When Napoleon was finally defeated and sent a prisoner to Elba, and Europe placed a member of the French Royal Family on the throne, the command of the French Army was allotted to this great soldier. But when Napoleon escaped from Elba, reappeared in France, and was welcomed by its people, already sickening under the restored Bourbon rule, The Bravest of the Brave could not resist the call of comradeship, and again placed himself under Napoleon's banner.

At Waterloo, where all Napoleon's hopes were blighted, the man who led the fight throughout was the one he had made a prince. Five times on that day of slaughter his horse was shot under him.

But to be beside Napoleon he had deserted the Bourbon king, so when the fighting was over this dauntless Frenchman, who had fought for his country as no one else had fought, was shot as a traitor. Who was this man whose bravery was so ill-rewarded?





For Every Tear There is a Smile Somewhere



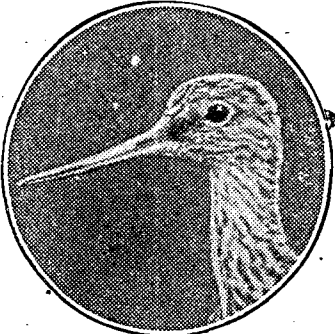
THE BRAN TUB

A Transposition

OF my whole you will find
That it's only a portion,
Which when turned around
Is treated with caution;
But if, perchance, instead
My head you cast away
You'll find that you will now
The artist's work display.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Greenshank

The Greenshank is characterised by its nearly straight beak and the greenish colour of its legs and feet. It is about fourteen inches long, and the general colour of the plumage is brown and grey. The Greenshank is found in Northern Europe, Asia, India, and Australia. In the spring and autumn small flocks may be seen on the coasts of Britain and in the neighbourhood of inland lakes.

A Puzzle in Rhyme

MY first is in tumble but not in fall,
My second's in lobby but not in hall,
My third is in sultry but not in cool,
My fourth is in govern but not in rule,
My fifth is in grateful but not in glad,
My sixth is in cushion but not in pad,
My seventh's in several but not in few,
My eighth is in colour but not in hue,
My whole is seen in the street every day,
I am used in work and also in play.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français

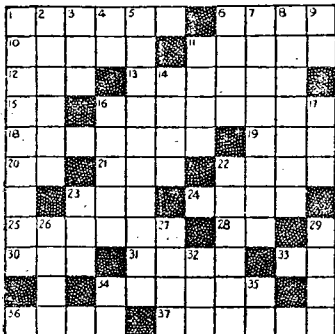


Le moine Le lièvre La passerelle

Le moine s'en retourne au monastère.
Le lièvre est un animal fort timide.
La passerelle sert à monter à bord.

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 44 words hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. A plant disease. 6. A destructive projectile. 10. A vehicle. 11. Part of a coat. 12. French for one. 13. A trader. 15. For example (abbrev.). 16. Artillery. 18. A dam. 19. Fresh. 20. A printer's measure. 21. To regret. 22. In this place. 23. Not any. 24. Bulk. 25. A young girl. 28. Veterinary surgeon (abbrev.). 30. To work with needle and thread. 31. A baked food. 33. Aloft. 34. Rise. 36. A favour. 37. To hurry.

Reading Down. 1. Woodland flowers. 2. An Asiatic fruit. 3. Wrath. 4. Symbol for the king. 5. The science of the motion of liquids. 6. Welsh lake. 7. The quality of being candid. 8. Silk-sellers. 9. Bachelor of Law (abbrev.). 11. A narrow road. 14. The rim. 16. A species of iris. 17. Female sheep. 22. Harbours. 23. New South Wales (abbrev.). 28. Pertaining to the air. 27. Every one. 29. Accessible. 32. A New Zealand parrot. 34. Indefinite article. 35. Famous motor-cycling races (abbrev.).

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter, Uranus, and Mercury are in the south-west.



In the morning Venus, Saturn, and Mars are in the south-east.

The picture shows the Moon as seen looking south at 9 p.m. on February 1.

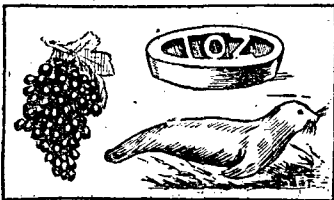
Do You Live at Lambeth?

LAMBETH is the Lamb hythe, or landing-place, for lambs, and no doubt at one time this part of the Thames side in London was used as a kind of wharf for landing livestock, chiefly lambs.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE woodlark is heard singing. The chaffinch's song is heard. The yellow wagtail appears. The small tortoiseshell butterfly is seen on the wing. The dor beetle appears. The crocus is in blossom. The ivy casts its leaves. Green hellebore or bear's-foot is in flower.

A Hidden Bird



FIND the names of these objects and then, by taking two consecutive letters from each word, spell the name of a game bird.

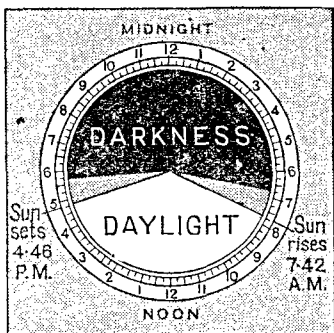
Answer next week

A Beheaded Word

IF from your shelf you take a book
You'll find me there if you but look;
And if you put it back again
That I am there is also plain.
Decapitate, 'twill then appear,
Without mistake, that I am here;
Behead again—you'll want no more,
Because I always come before.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart

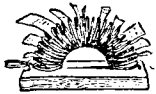


Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

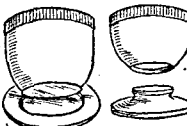
Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Simple Filing Rack.—Here is a simple filing rack in which may be kept papers that are needed for constant reference. It consists of one or more coiled springs, the ends of which are secured to a baseboard and the papers are held firmly between the coils of the spring. One end of the spring has a small wire loop so that the file may be hung on a wall.



A Biscuit Tin Used as a Bowl. Many ornamental biscuit tins and sweet tins are well worth keeping for further use. Here is one that can be used as a bowl when its contents have gone, the lid being so shaped that it can be also fitted into the base in order to make a firm stand for the bowl.



Jacko Meets an Old Friend

MRS. JACKO was very surprised when there came a knock at the door late one evening. All the family were sitting round the fire, and as it was a bitterly cold night even Jacko was very glad to be indoors.

"Fancy a visitor as late as this!" exclaimed Mrs. Jacko. "Open the door, Jacko, and see who it is."

But when Jacko opened the door he had no idea who it was. A strange gentleman stood on the threshold, wearing a big cloak and muffler, and looking rather puzzled.

"Is this Colonel Chimp's house?" he asked. "I have lost my way in the dark."

Jacko gave a low whistle.

"Coo! I shouldn't go and see Colonel Chimp," he said. "The old gentleman lives next door all right, but he's the most disagreeable neighbour we've ever had!"

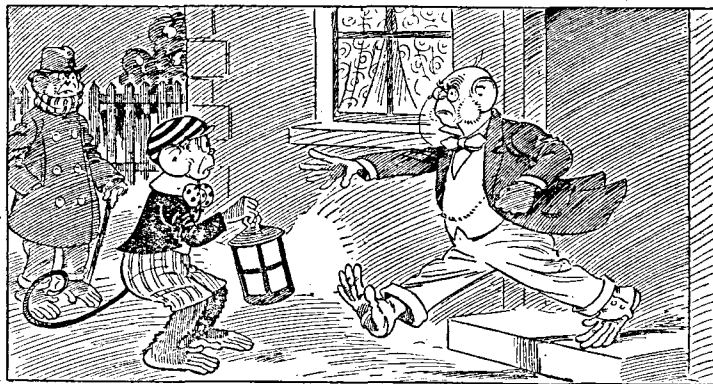
"I'm very sorry to hear it," said the stranger haughtily. "Colonel Chimp happens to be my brother!" And he went off down the garden path looking very cross indeed.

He looked crosser still a few seconds later, for it was so dark that he couldn't see where he was going, and he fell headlong over one of Mrs. Jacko's flower-pots.

Jacko heard the crash and came flying to the rescue. He never minded helping anybody in difficulty, even though it happened to be Colonel Chimp's brother.

"Here, wait a bit!" he told the gentleman. "You'll never find the way by yourself. I'll fetch a lantern and go with you."

The gentleman said he could manage quite well by himself, and tried to look dignified; but the next moment he had



"You here again!" roared Colonel Chimp

tripped over the lawn-mower, and that was the end of his dignity. He waited for Jacko to fetch the lantern, and even seized his arm gratefully when they started off down the path.

It didn't take long to reach the Colonel's house. Jacko felt very pleased with himself as he walked up the drive, swinging his lantern. He had been forbidden the premises by Colonel Chimp, but he regarded this as a special occasion, and was determined to make the most of it.

He made such a noise ringing the bell and banging the door that the Colonel himself rushed out to see what was the matter.

"You here again!" he roared, catching sight of Jacko (he didn't notice his brother). "Well, of all the impudence!" And, without waiting for explanations, he made a dive at Jacko and nearly sent him flying.

Of course the lantern went out, and there was a regular scuffle in the darkness; in fact, there was such a din that at last Colonel Chimp's servants came running out of the house, carrying lamps and candles and anything they could lay hands on.

"It's that boy!" said Colonel Chimp triumphantly, raising himself up from a snowdrift where he had been pommelling somebody. "I told him I'd give him something to remember if he ever dared to show his face here again!"

And then he gasped. *He had been pommelling his own brother!* Jacko was safely home again with his toes on the fender!

Seven Pennies

HERE is a little catch puzzle to try on your friends. Ask them if they can make a perfectly regular cross with seven pennies so that there shall be five coins in a line in each direction.

When they have failed you show them how it can be done by placing three of the pennies on top of each other to make the centre of the cross and using the remaining four to form the four arms.

An Easy Sum

IF the poker, tongs, shovel, and fender cost £2 10s. 6d., what will a ton of coals come to? Ashes.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Changed Word

Can, Dan, fan, pan, ran, tan, van, wan.

A Picture Puzzle

The objects were ship, pan, cards, lid, cap, from which we make the words India, China, Spain.

A Puzzle Proverb

Hoist your sail when the wind is fair.

DR. MERRYMAN

Catcalls and Something Else

SEEDY Provincial Actor: Young man, I hear you're going to act Hamlet. What induced you to do that? Prosperous London Actor: Oh, I don't know! They egged me on to it. Seedy Provincial Actor: H'm. They egged me off!

Nothing Else

DOCTOR: Your husband is still delirious, I see, Mrs. Perkins. Has he had any lucid intervals since I was here before?

Mrs. Perkins: He's had nothing at all but what you ordered, Doctor.

Literary Longings

A ROMANTIC young Camel sighed. "Few know my thrilling life-story—do you? If I published it—well, like hot cakes it would sell. And my name would appear in Who's Zoo!"

How many insects live in houses? Ten-ants.

An Illustrated Proverb



Better alone than in bad company

He That Expecteth Nothing

SORRY I could not get to your lecture on Irish humour, old man. Were there many there? Not so many as I expected. But I never thought there would be!

A Near Thing

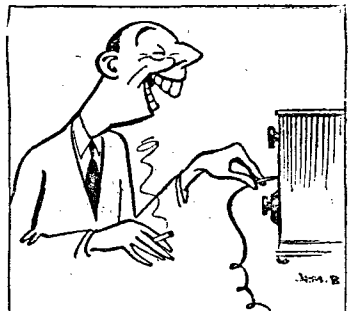
WELL, did that nice little mare I sold you do for you? Nearly!

Shopping in Paris

MRS. NEWRICH: What special line have you in furniture? Salesman: We have some very fine Louis Treize, madam. Mrs. Newrich: Trays? We don't want any trays. Mr. Newrich: Oh, better try one or two; they're only a louis—twenty francs, you know!

The Oscillator

From the B.B.C.'s Picture Gallery



He tries to communicate with his neighbours.

Changeling

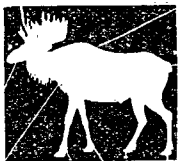
East, fast, fact, face, fare, fire, fine, wine, wind.

A Divided Word. Be-am

A Word Diamond

P
M
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T
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Jig-Saw



What Am I?
Leap Year

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

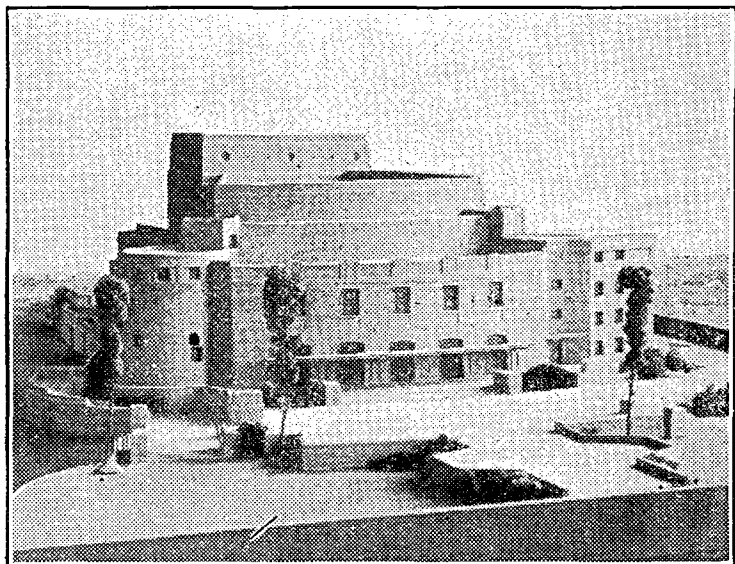
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 28, 1928

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

NEW SHAKESPEARE THEATRE • HELEN WILLS IN MARBLE • BOY'S EXHIBITION



Stratford's New Memorial Theatre—This model shows what the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon will look like. Miss Elisabeth Scott's design was selected from more than 70 competitors. See page 7.



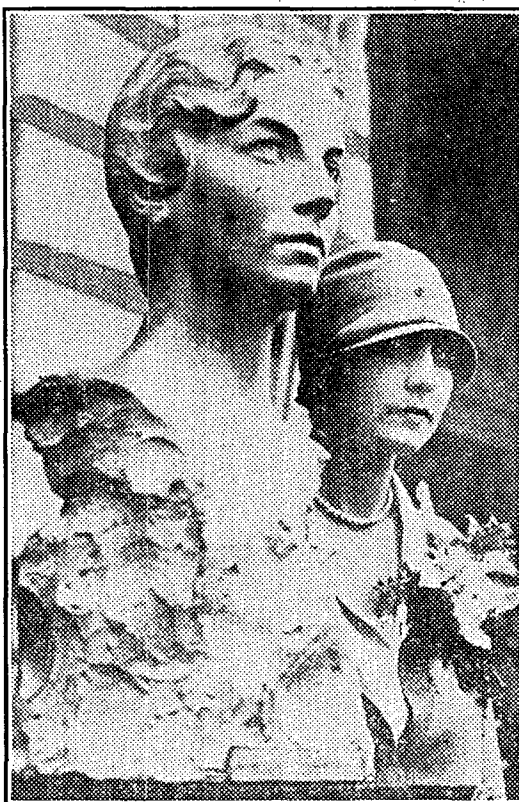
A London Tiger—This picture of a tiger was taken at the Zoo recently.



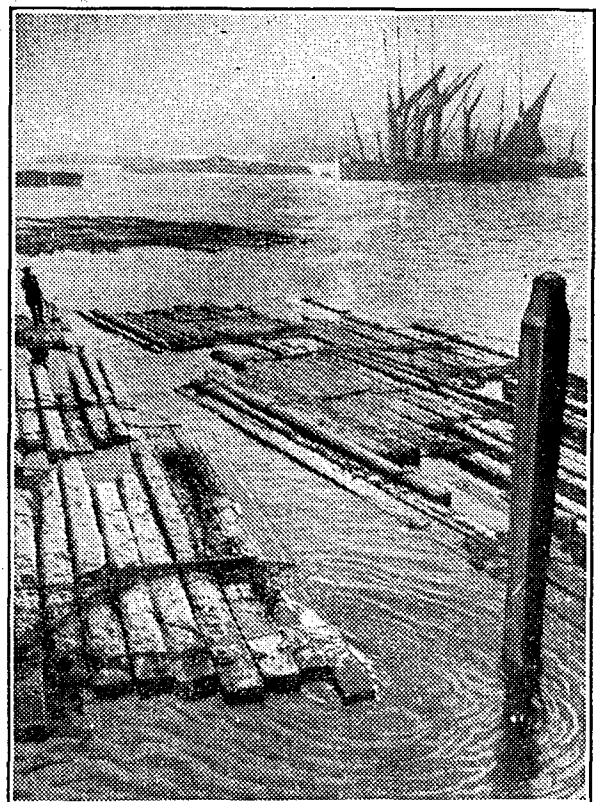
Holland on Skates—Dutch people have always been expert skaters, for a severe frost freezes the many canals and provides splendid opportunities for skating. Here we see children at play on the ice while the grown-ups skate to work.



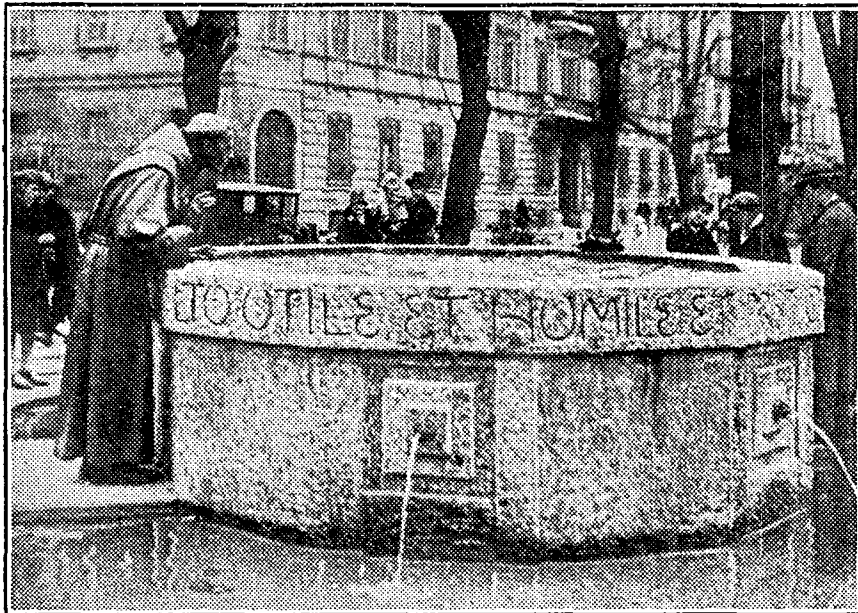
High Up in the Rockies—These holiday-makers in the Rocky Mountains are driving through a narrow road cut in the snow.



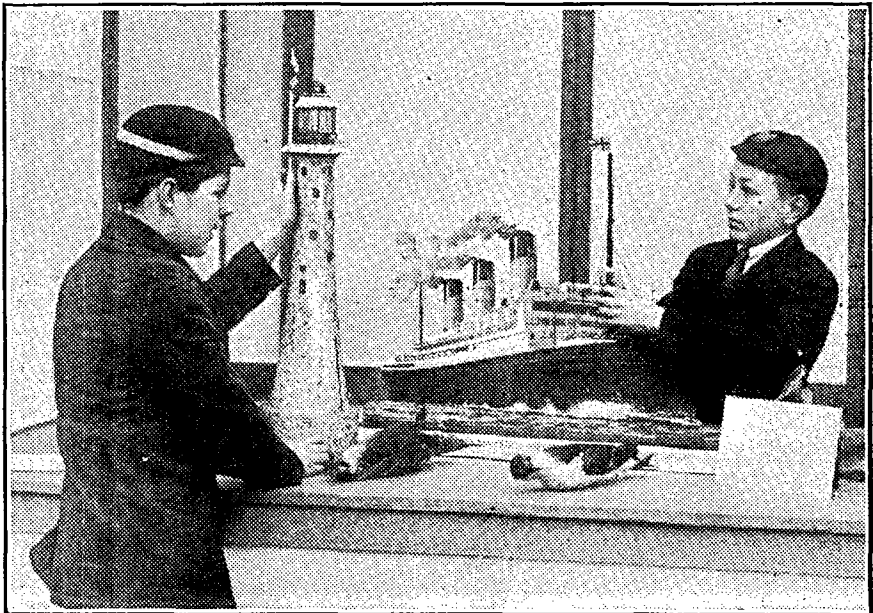
A Present for the Tennis Champion—San Francisco has just given Helen Wills this marble bust of herself.



Canadian Scene in London—Timber rafts in the Thames at London make this picture look like a lumbering scene in Canada.



A Fountain to St. Francis—A beautiful fountain which has just been unveiled in one of the streets of Milan is dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi. The lifelike figure of the saint is in bronze.



The Schoolboy's Exhibition—Among many interesting things seen at the Schoolboy's Own Exhibition in London were models of a lighthouse and a liner, which were made by boys.

THE WONDERFUL TOWER BY THE THAMES—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY

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